

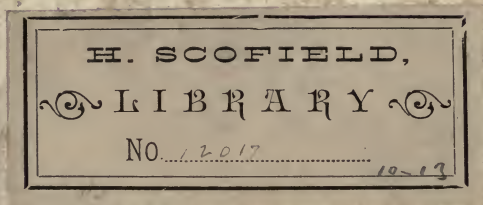
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Robt. Stevenson
Cincinnati

Jan 1 1878 Am



THE
HARMONIES OF CREATION,
OR,
THE MUSIC OF THE MORNING STARS.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
ON
RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND PATRIOTIC SUBJECTS.
AN ORIGINAL WORK.

Hold my right hand, Almighty, and me teach
To strike the lyre, but seldom struck, to notes
Harmonious with the Morning Stars, and pure
As those by sainted bards and angels sung,
Which wake the echoes of eternity;
That fools may hear and tremble, and the wise,
Instructed, listen. *Pollok's Course of Time.*

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth—when
the Morning Stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted
for joy.—Job xxxviii, 4-7.

BY JOHN C. NEWMAN, TUTOR.
Member of the Theological Society, Professor of Penmanship, &c.

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PREFACE.

Books have been multiplied on every side, and there are many on different subjects; but the number of original American productions is, indeed, exceedingly few. Poetical performances, especially those of a religious nature, are still more scarce. Whether a publication strictly religious, in the main, will meet with the approbation and acceptance of an enlightened and liberal people, is now to be determined. The object of the author is, the dissemination of religious truth and the amelioration of the heart. He has not the vanity to suppose that his productions are *equal* to our *standard* poets, who have had both time and leisure to give ornament to their style, and to embellish their stanzas with all the tinsel of the most glittering periods; yet, he is not ashamed to avow that some of his flights would not disgrace the best of them. He makes this assertion with the more freedom and the less temerity, as he has predicated his opinion on the judgment of gentlemen whose minds he deems superior to his own. Though his advantages have not been equal to some of those who have preceded him, yet his stanzas do not sink much below them. The reader will perceive that he has taken some pains, not to adorn his numbers with the tropes and figures of rhetoric, but to make his verses flow smoothly and freely, without stiffness on the

one hand, and fustian on the other. He is of the opinion that he might interweave a number of those hackneyed and almost worn-out epithets—*Meek-eyed Love—Dove-eyed Peace—Pale-eyed Envy—Leaden-eyed Slumber—Iron-toothed Time*, &c. &c.—and yet, like a certain European Bard, of the present day, produce a—glittering nothing! The author seeks not to dazzle the eye, but to lead the mind to the Fountain of all Goodness, where he may slake his thirst, and satisfy his immortal spirit with streams that never fail; and where

“Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.”

He must be candid enough, and he is not ashamed to confess, that religious effusions alone, are the most congenial to his heart; and of these he has in possession, perhaps, more than a thousand essays. In these pages he wishes not to introduce one single line which, in the day of God, he would had been expunged. His piece, entitled, “*The Harmonies of Creation; or, The Music of the Morning Stars*,” was suggested to his mind by a recurrence to Job, xxxviii, 4—7; and he sincerely regrets that he cannot, such is his scarcity of time, take that pains which he ought, to give it a more substantial and elegant form; by retrenching what is rather lame, and adding some original ideas, which would make it appear to greater advantage. Every syllable and every line, so far as the author knows, are purely original—the plan—the language—the form, and the ideas; nor has he resorted to fiction, any further than it might serve his convenience, for laying the foundation of the poem.

He hopes that in a future edition, should there ever be a call for it, that it will appear in a more respectable dress. The piece “*On the Crucifixion*,” &c. is entirely

new to the author. It has been suggested that he had borrowed from Montgomery, whom he had never read! He has, however, since obtained Montgomery's poems, and examined the performance to which allusion has been made, and is happy to find there is a small degree of similarity between the two performances, yet there is not the least trace of plagiarism in the author's essay; besides, the plan and the language are decidedly his own; but Mr. Montgomery freely acknowledges that he has borrowed *his* plan, as he has headed it with—"Imitated from the Italian of Crescembini." The author cannot, however, but feel thankful that his composition ranks so highly as to be thought on an equality with one of Montgomery's best performances—a man whom the splendid but unhappy Byron pronounces to be "a man of talents." "The Definition of the Soul"—"The Voice of Nature," and other pieces, will speak for themselves. "Chance Blind—or, God the sole Director of the affairs of this world," is said not to be a lame production. It was originally published as "a challenge to any clergyman or any other gentleman," &c. &c. But the reader will examine for himself. He will discover, in the perusal of these sheets, that the author of the following poems is fond of ruminating on the lives and deaths of the deceased; but hopes the variety of sentiment introduced will relieve the mind from a continual sameness. On the whole, while he preserves his pages from that monotony which would be disgusting as it is tiresome, he would observe that the whole of his poems have been written on "*the spur of the moment*;" nor has he ever had leisure sufficient to revise one of them, unless it may be in a line, or a word, here and there. He therefore

begs the indulgence of the liberal minded and the man of science. From those who are displeased "they know not why, and care not wherefore," he asks no favors, and he craves no smiles; as he is sure, with gentlemen of such a mould, there is not much honorable dealing! Whether they are dubbed "*daily, monthly, or annual*" visitors, from them he has long since turned with disgust. The author would not presume to say with the inimitable Byron, (whose poetical works have, a day or two since, fallen into his hands,)

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't!"

For he has seen himself in that garb, until it has ceased to excite one pleasurable sentiment, unless the elegance of the type, and the neatness of the letters and the binding, should call for his admiration. For the respectable patronage the author has already received, he feels himself unable to express his gratitude; and hopes that his patrons' reasonable expectations will not be disappointed; but to those illiberal and cynical souls, who have given themselves no concern, but to predict the *matter* that will form the author's pages, he makes no other reply, than

"Odi profanum vulgus.*

With these remarks, the work is submitted to the author's numerous patrons, and to the world. The book, like its author, must take its chance—die or live!

THE AUTHOR.

*I hate the profane vulgar,

ADDRESS

TO THE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF BALTIMORE.

"I had a dream, it was not all a dream,"
As I came here the Car ran out of steam;
So then the great machine was forced to stop,
Until we got the Steaming Power up!!!

But this little circumstance (however trivial it may appear to others) of the steam running out, on the road between Winchester and Charlestown, in Virginia, has been of some use to me ever since; and, I hope it may have a salutary influence in directing my conduct through future life: for whenever I see an aspiring, intriguing, and time-serving gentleman, who is willing to serve everybody, and to do any thing, provided he may, by such means, serve himself; and, when I see this same great man sacrificing his honor and dignity, so that he may keep on the popular side of the question; or, in other words, when I see him standing on the fence, so that he may see on which side he may most safely take the leap, I exclaim within myself—*Poor man! I fear you will, eventually, run out of steam!*

Whenever I hear a politician boasting of what he has achieved, and flattering the people with what he intends to do, to render his supporters happy as individuals, and respectable as a community, by the grant of certain immunities, I am sure to say to myself—“*Quick promisers are generally very slow performers*”—*Poor man, you will surely run out of steam!*

Whenever I see a young man, who buys a great variety of articles on credit, and then immediately marries some waiting fair one, before he has liquidated the claims of either the merchant, the cabinet-maker, or the tailor, I say—*It is ten to one, poor young man! if you and your fair one both do not see trouble—for you will run out of steam!*

Whenever I see a man, who professes religion, but whether he is young or old, has something to say about every body's business, while he does not mind his own, I say—*Ah, poor man! your meanness will be detected, and your criminality exposed—you will certainly run out of steam!*

Whenever I see either a superior, or inferior, who claims the pre-eminence of his brethren, and who seems to say—The ark of the Lord will not move forward, unless *I* have the whole management of the concern, I am apt to exclaim—*Ah, poor Jehu! the chariot of the Lord will move on gloriously when you are dead and gone—Take care you do not run out of steam!*

Whenever I see a man, who sets himself up as an author, and is about to publish a volume of poems, without the means to enable him, unless he should meet with many friends, I most passionately exclaim—*Poor, honest, simple-hearted soul! you have already put yourself to a*

great deal of trouble; but you may have much more;—take care, take great care, you do not run out of steam!!!

The author has been led to this last reflection, from the consideration that he is about to publish a volume of original poems, himself; and as he would deprecate even the very idea of *his running out of steam*, as an event that would do him an almost incalculable mischief, (seeing he has lost so much time already,) he begs the good people of Baltimore to aid him in his arduous undertaking! He has already received a pretty respectable patronage in several counties, (among whom are gentlemen and ladies of a highly literary character,) but their patronage alone seems not to be sufficient; and, he is led to hope, from the known liberality and generosity of the Baltimoreans, with their disposition to encourage works of genius, truly American, that they will not be behind other truly polite and refined ladies and gentlemen, in other places, who have been so good as to favor him with their aid.

He is the more emboldened in thus publicly soliciting the patronage of the citizens of Baltimore, as, he can assure them, that many of his performances are said to possess the most substantial merit; besides, the author would remind them, that he served two successive campaigns in the last war, in one of which he *volunteered* his services (for he might have staid at home) in the year 1814, to defend the city, its inhabitants, and their property, their sons and their daughters, from the violence and insults of the British soldiery. As “one good turn deserves another,” he hopes the *gentlemen* of that place—for he feels confident the *ladies* of Baltimore will not—forget him in his old age, nor forsake him when he

needs their help. He remembered them in the crisis of alarm, in the hour of danger, and not only gave up his domestic comforts for the fatigues of an autumn and winter campaign, but felt willing even to pour out his blood, that their sons and their daughters might, under their own vine, and under their own fig-tree, without any to molest them, enjoy the sweets of future repose, and chant their beloved country in all its rising brightness, grandeur, and glory. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

JOHN C. NEWMAN.

May 28th, 1836.

THE
MUSIC OF THE MORNING STARS,
THE ORIGIN OF THE MUSE;
OR,
A THEME FOR POETS.

Stars of morning, (august throng!)
Grand precentors of true song,
At th' Almighty's potent call,
Sang, and lo, arose this ball!—*Author's Fugitive Essays.*

LET Dryden sing the days of heathen lore,
And Pope extol the men and times of yore,
Lavish encomiums on each Grecian sage,
And eulogize the Romans of their age;
Yet, I sing not their mythologic stuff,
The Book of God will furnish themes enough;
And imagery that Homer cannot yield,
Though all his legions gather on the field;
Or let the smooth-strained Virgil tune his reed,
With Tityrus beneath a beech wide-spread,
Of Amaryllis burnt with strange desire
To gratify a bestial, lawless fire;
Such wanton themes shall not my page disgrace,
Nor would I give to vice an angel's face.

But where then find a hero for my theme?
The highest flights of Homer are a dream;
And Virgil with his beauties too must yield,
Whene'er the ancient Muse comes on the field.
Their heathen strains are fables—airy thought,
Formed in the brain—from stories half forgot:
But if we wish to find the Muse sublime,
We must retreat to the first march of time:
'Tis in God's holy book th' account is found,
Ere yet were formed the skies, or solid ground;
Before Jehovah's arm had launched the spheres,
Or time was measured by days, months, and years.
The fabled Nine no longer I invoke;
Their visionary aid oft ends in smoke,
As long projecting chemists' projects do,
As false, as helpless, and deceitful too.

Descend, eternal Spirit, and inspire
My growing numbers with primeval fire,
With fire that in the ancient prophet glow'd;
When from the altar of the eternal God,
The seraph touch'd his tongue with living coal,
And roused the powers of his inmost soul.
Teach me to sing the origin of rhyme,
And aid my pulse to beat its sacred time;
And while I tread a path untrod before,
Refine my song, and bid my spirit soar!

When first the Morning Stars conceiv'd the plan,
That God had form'd to make his creature—man,
They bursted forth in strains of holy song,
For 'tis to them sublimest themes belong;
And thus proceeded this grand symphony,
By the sublime precentors of the sky:

“Supreme, eternal, self-existent King!
We need thine aid thy attributes to sing:
When we look back 'tis but as yesterday,
When essences unorb'd in Thee we lay;
Thy goodness gave us being, to proclaim
The uncreated glory of Thy name.
The first-born sons of light thy being view,
Augustly grand, and all-mysterious too;
Thy nature is unfathomably bright;—
Archangels are confounded by its light;
They veil their faces as they sing thy plan,
So fraught with love to yet unconscious man.
Hail, holy, holy, holy, Triune Lord,
By all seraphic grades on high ador'd;
The highest sons thou hast, thy goodness share;
And we, the first, are thy peculiar care.
With gratitude o'erwhelmed our state we view,
For though full well the soul revolt we knew,
Of Lucifer and his unhappy host,
In Thee we stand, our fortress and our boast:
No sad defections mar thine angel-throng,
And thou art, Lord, the burden of their song.
Through all our various orders, Lord, we stand
A brilliant host, a shining, deathless band.
Thy glory fills our orbs,—it is from Thee,
That we receive our whole felicity;
Nor shall we, as the fiend, Thy light implore,
That now returns to his sad bands no more;—
A dread example of thy vengeful ire,
Cast on a shoreless sea of curling fire:
Nay, Lord—we onward move from height to height
Of glory—yet insufferably bright;

But as we move, thou givest pow'r to gaze
On Thy o'erpowering and exhaustless rays.
Grade upon grade, as we in order rise,
To us, thy Morning Stars that deck Thy skies;
Link upon link, in grand succession join'd,
The purest seraph leaving far behind;
Up to Thy throne, beyond those higher poles,
Where boundless, uncreated glory rolls,
Thy pure intelligences sing Thy praise,
And magnify Thy works and laud Thy ways:
Each in their spheres to Thee unceasing cry—
Hail, HOLY, HOLY, HOLY Lord Most High!
And we, our dazzling crowns to Thee submit,
And thrill'd with rapt'rous awe, fall at Thy feet.”
The heav'nly hosts all joined the melody,
And chanted the designs of Deity;
So far as He those grand designs made known,
To those adoring throngs before His throne;
While loud and louder still their numbers swell,
And almost charm'd the dark abodes of hell.
Those regions border on eternal night,
And are depriv'd of every ray of light:
There spectres howl, and angry demons roar—
A bottomless abyss without a shore,
Broad streams of vivid lightnings nimbly play
Athwart the gloom, from the confines of day;
While raging tempests beat beneath the sky,
On rebel angels destin'd ne'er to die:
This is the place that was ordained of old,
For him, the first of sinners, we are told.
Prompted by pride he led his armies forth,
Resolved to take possession of the North;

“Its sides, henceforth, myself will occupy,
For I will equal be to the Most High.”
Unhappy spirits had but formed their plan,
When from th’ Eternal Sire fierce lightnings ran,
And all the rebel hosts were downward hurl’d,
By flaming vengeance to this nether world:
Hence Satan’s called the power of the air,
And, as its prince, he raises tempests there;
But God himself presides in every storm,
And he directs it in its fiercest form.
Th’ unhappy spirit would, but cannot reign,
For the Almighty binds him with a chain;
“Thus far go thou! no farther may’st thou go;
I am thy God—and I restrain thy blow.”
Now Satan heard the harmonies above,
In notes symphonious through the expanse move,
Apollyon he deputed to inquire
What theme the Morning Stars could so inspire.
He listen’d;—thus the heavenly concert ran:
“Divine benevolence will form a man,
Possess’d of pow’r that he may stand alone,
And heir the scenes of Eden as his own;
A child, like us, of Immortality,
As all his vast posterity shall be.”
Old Chaos heard the soul-enchancing sound—
The dark and formless mass became good ground;
Each atom join’d its parts, and order rose,
With every living shrub, or tree that grows;
Now spring to view the verdant lawns and groves,
And every object that the poet loves;
The babbling stream that ripples through the glade,
A cheerful green on either hand display’d;

The aromatic herbs and scented plains,
Where beauty in a wild profusion reigns;
The cloud-capp'd mountain and the humbler hill,
Enliven'd by the sound of "whip-poor-will;"
With plants indigenous to every clime,
And birds whose notes with morning seem to chime:
Those feather'd songsters tune their warbling notes,
While through the balmy air the music floats.
The tow'ring eagle and the grov'ling beast,
Stand not in need of any erring priest,
Nor do they want a preacher to convey,
The meaning of their consentaneous lay;
For from the Mammoth to Leviathan,
Which first were under the control of man,
Down to the coiling snake, or writhing worm,
All praised the Lord, each in its diff'rent form.
The waters too arrested in their course,
With liquid lapse repair to one great source;
For ere this time they had been scatter'd wide,
Nor did a channel their rude streams divide.
The lightnings all that hurtle* through the sky,
And carry swift destruction as they fly,
Were harmless then; and thunders roll'd the base,
That fill'd the void in heaven's unbounded space.
But first of all, from the dark womb of Night,
Sprang the celestial creature, God call'd Light;
Duly attemper'd and its nature fix'd,
And with discordant principles unmix'd.
But while the Morning Stars protract their song,
And the cherubic hosts the theme prolong,

* To make a noise like the rumbling of wheels. See Bailey's and other old Lexicons.

Those blazing comets wonted long to range, (a)
Attracted were by sounds sublimely strange,
And sweetly drawn, leap'd in their orbs again,
To join the chorus of the heavenly train.
The Sun emerg'd from the dark mass of Night,
And beam'd refulgent with full rays of Light;
The Morning blush'd to see so grand a scene,
And all the skies shone beauteous and serene.
The Moon too issued from her gloomy bed,
And with a paler lustre show'd her head:
But Night, delighted by the attractive lay,
Blew up her latent sparks to form a day;
Hence, after twilight, diff'rent forms arise,
And shine and glitter through the lofty skies;
But still when Night her glory has unfurl'd,
A solemn silence reigns around the world;
And with her awful splendor still she's Night;
Nor can she vie with God's first creature—Light:
Yet are her efforts much to be admir'd;
Her scenes a Young and Milton too inspir'd;
And Addison, with a symphonious tongue,
In strains immortal has her glories sung.
The Moon, astounded at displays so bright,
Begg'd from the Sun some rays of solar light,
That she might shine the glooms of Night away,
And add her share of glory to the Day:
So Night herself's indebted to the Sun,
For nearly half the grandeur she puts on.
To grace this grand, ineffable display,
Jehovah, rising on the Seventh Day,
Paused—for a moment—to complete his plan,
And said, to finish all,—“LET US MAKE MAN;”

So breath'd in fragile clay the breath of lives;
Hence, after death, a deathless part survives.
Now, the Almighty, taking a survey
Of Adam's lonely, but exquisite clay,
Thought it not good for man alone to be,
And form'd a mate for his society:
The lovely one was taken from his side,
Clay twice refin'd—our father's future bride; }
Th' attractive form by closest ties allied! }
Connected not by interest alone—
Part of himself—a near and useful bone;
Flesh of his flesh, and blood of his own blood,
United in the firmest bonds they stood.
Though liable to fall, they might have stood
Against satanic wiles, still pure and good;
But they abus'd their power of agency,
As in the sequel will unfolded be.
Now Satan heard the music of the spheres,
And soon his hatred to his God appears;
For while the Morning Stars together sung,
And the vast concave with God's praises rung,
Adam was lull'd—and Eve began to sing,
Melodious praises to the Eternal King;
And so delightful was the heavenly song,
Our mother sang His praises all day long:
But Satan envied her this happiness,
And wish'd to make her great enjoyments less;
To thwart the counsels of the Trinity,
And plunge her race in endless misery.
Somewhere in Eastern climes there was a place,
The seat of favor and surprising grace;

'Twas Eden called, the garden of the Lord,
With all delicious fruits and viands stored;
But in the midst thereof there grew a tree,
The taste of which brought death on you and me!
This deathful fruit, man was forbidd'n to eat;
But Satan told our mother 'twas a treat:
"Eat freely then, and like a God you'll be,
And goodness know from all iniquity:
Your Maker would not wish you to be wise,
Lest, as himself, you claim your native skies."
Eve stopp'd her song to listen to his speech,
And put herself within the serpent's reach;
As the ill-fated bird that sees the snare,
But does not dream of mischief lurking there:
She ate;—and thus, in a few moments' time,
Convey'd her sorrows to each age and clime;
For her remotest children feel the pain,
And temp'ral death to latest time shall reign.
Adam was not deceived; but O, he fell!
Success attended the finesse of hell;
For ah! his eyes were opened, and he found,
That now he walk'd on interdicted ground.
Creation's harmonies were now impair'd;
And O, discordant sounds were often heard:
The Earth in frightful chasms open'd wide,
And groan'd, as though an universe had died;
While Ætna and Vesuvius belch'd out flame,
And deeply testified to Adam's shame.
The trembling mountains left their rugged base,
And cragged rocks lift a projecting face:
The ocean too, that had been still before,
Rouses his billows with tremendous roar;

And awful surges on his rock-bound side,
Cast back their echoes to the swelling tide.
The fearful breakers lift their whiten'd wings,
As to the foaming surf the white-cap clings.
The winds now gather rage, and roar, and sweep,
In dreadful whirlwinds o'er the briny deep;
While loud tornados drive along the plain,
And scour the land and yell upon the main.
The order of the Sun, the Moon, the Earth,
Are now inverted almost from their birth;
The Moon, at times, obscures Sol's golden face,
And tarnishes his beams in mid-day race:
Earth casts his shade between us and the Moon,
And darkness follows each strange movement soon;
Thus Sun and Moon remind us of the Day,
When our fore-parents bartered bliss away;
When for an apple they their birth-right sold,
As many now who barter heav'n for gold.
When first th' Almighty form'd this varied globe,
The sun-beams clothed its face as one broad robe;
But so deranged is Nature's order now,
Astronomers can scarcely tell us how,
Or where, the Sun will throw his golden ray,
For *here* 'tis night; and *there* 'tis perfect day.
Here we are fann'd by th' odorif'rous breeze,
While *there* the sons of Nova Zembla freeze;
And for six months, on Greenland's icy plains,
The brumal monarch in stern horror reigns.
The earth is cut in four unequal parts,
Which comfort, burn, or freeze ten thousand hearts.
In Afric's burning soil, the darken'd race,
Are alter'd in complexion, form, and face;

So that some men of letters would contend,
That heav'n had form'd them for the basest end;
That they possess'd not father Adam's blood,
But as the link 'twixt man and monkey stood;
Or that, at best, those of the torrid zone,
Were of a diff'rent stamp, and stood alone;
But facts refute this base-spun theory,
And show that they have souls as well as we.

But to return:—The subject to pursue—
How sad inverted Nature now to view!
Heat in the *Torrid* reigns, the most intense,
Cold in the *Frigid*, which benumbs the sense;
But ere offending man transgress'd God's law,
This Earth was blest as that which Adam saw!
Ere Adam's fall there were no floods of rain;
A gentle mist then fertilized the plain;
And every part of earth did then produce
A growth spontaneous, for our parent's use.
Now bursting clouds spout cataracts of rain,
And sweep off trees, and grass, and soil, and grain;
While corn and rye, design'd for common use,
Are fill'd with an inebriating juice: (b)
By which Earth's later sons, for sake of gain,
Have drench'd the lands and their ten thousands slain!
Hence near some sought-out spring, or gentle rill,
We see that copper monster, termed—A STILL! (c)
Where pints, and quarts, and gallons too, are sold,
To poison men for paltry bits of gold.

The lightnings too, against the earth conspire,
And clouds, with hideous cracks, discharge their fire;
While borne before the all-prostrating storm,
Their floating drapery takes a fearful form.

In short, the elements, and death, and hell,
Now fret, and roar, and rage, and war, and swell;
Break their establish'd bounds, and deal out pain,
And speak aloud—"God is displeased with Man!"
The lion and the leopard, now imbued
With a ferocious nature, seek for blood;
And birds and beasts upon each other prey,
While all appear intent to harm or slay.
But most of all, man suffers by his crime,
And murders take a stand in early time;
For Adam's first-born son his brother slew,
And crafty wretches multiplied and grew.
The Earth a seat of violence became,
And, Sodom-like, they gloried in their shame;
Until Jehovah, vex'd at deeds so base,
Resolv'd to extirpate the human race.
But Noah was a perfect man, and just,
And in the Lord he placed unshaken trust:
To him did God reveal His awful plan,
His firm resolve to sweep off wretched Man:
But, in great mercy, told his servant, "Make
An ark, in which thou shalt thy family take; (d)
And when I send the all-o'erwhelming tide,
In safety on its billows thou shalt ride."
The ark was made.—'Twas by the plan Divine;
And in the whole what grace and justice shine!
The bad were sever'd from the righteous few,
And swept away in one promisc'ous crew.
But lo! the long mock'd day at length appears,
When Justice claims of Man its grand arrears;
The low'ring clouds now scud along the sky,
And growling thunders speak the tempest nigh;

The lightning's vivid flash shines round the world,
And globes of fire are through the darkness hurl'd:
The Earth, disparting, gushes out with streams,
And men and women fly with fearful screams;
But, vain is help! the wat'ry deluge pours,
And far and near the wide-spread ruin roars:
For reservoirs of water, from above,
In large and swift-descending volumes move;
The barriers of the deep are torn away,
And earth and heav'n join the grand display.
In fearful torrents see the floods arise,
And tumble in vast waves around the skies;
For, lo! the mountains hide their lofty peaks,
And not an intervening twig the billows breaks—
Above the mountains—fifteen cubits high,*
And in the wat'ry waste what millions die!
But see good Noah and his happy few,
Ride on the waves secure and cheerful too;—
Upborne aloft, until at God's command,
On Ararat his floating timbers stand!
Of every living soul beneath the sky,
All, in this gen'ral inundation, die;
And lo! none but the number eight is found,
To cultivate the soil and till the ground:
But so prodigiously men multiply,
The earth is peopled soon both far and nigh;
But ah! the monster—Sin—uprear'd its head,
And gather'd power as the people spread:
For Nimrod now upon the earth appears;
And man, in pride, the Tower of Babel rears;

*A cubit, 22 inches; 15 by 22=330 feet! Great God! who would not dread thy vengeance?

The power of the Highest he defies,
And thought his edifice should reach the skies;
For still, as yet, the people were but one,
And greater deeds than now could then be done.
But God Almighty mark'd their vain design,
And bade confusion o'er them stretch her line;
Their language was confounded—and the thought
Of their projected building came to nought!
Thus God confutes the wisdom of the wise;
And thus man's schemes while in formation dies.
The very thing they fear'd was brought about;
While diff'rent nations take a diff'rent route:
Some migrate to the East, some to the West,
As diff'rent birds and beasts repair to rest;
But in the whole God's wisdom stands confess'd. }
One instance more of wickedness in man,
Will show how deep the dread contagion ran:
Two spacious cities stood upon the plain,
Where not one trace of man doth now remain;
Th' inhabitants indulged in bestial vice,
So that their hateful crime to heaven cries;
But still, upon that foul, devoted spot,
There dwelt one righteous man—his name was Lot.
His righteous soul was vex'd from day to day,
By their unhallow'd and corruptive way;
Hence, the Almighty, in his holy ire,
Rain'd on those plains a general flood of fire:
From heav'n th' impet'ous show'r of sulphur came,
And set those cities in a mighty flame;
And now, where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,
The lake Asphaltis rolls its pitchy flood.

To Abraham the secret was reveal'd,
Who pray'd the will of God might be repeal'd,
If, peradventure, righteous ten were found
Upon that wicked, death-devoted ground:
But, O! it seems that angel-eyes, in vain,
Look'd out for ten on that sin-harden'd plain;
For Lot, his wife, and daughters two were found,
And these alone in all the cities round.
The latter, dwelling in so foul a place,
Seem to have caught the spirit of that race:
Remember the defection of Lot's wife,
And other acts that stigmatiz'd his life.
Those facts remain on the Divine record,
Lest we, like Lot, should sin against the Lord.
At length, when all the cities seemed at ease,
And not a leaf now rustled in the breeze;
When th' eastern sun rose beautifully bright,
And flush'd the heavens with his golden light;
While Lot yet linger'd, and the air was still,
And angels led him onward to the hill;
Just, on a sudden, black wing'd tempests rise,
And streams of lightning blaze athwart the skies;
The air is thicken'd with the rolling smoke,
And storms of sulphur all the ether choke;
While rending thunders drown the hue-and-cry
Of wretched victims doom'd by God to die!
The angel, leading Lot and his slow wife,
Said—"Tarry not; but now escape for life;
Look not behind thee—to the mountain fly,
Lest in the teeming ruin thou should'st die!"
But O! Lot's wife the injunction disobey'd,
And for her sin was an example made:

Th' encrusting show'r her feeble limbs encase,
And long she occupied a certain place;
A sad memento of her overthrow,
And all that she so much esteem'd below.

But let us now return, to take a view
Of Adam's case, for this was wretched too;
For by his crime he introduced a void,
And harm'ny in the works of God destroy'd.
No longer now the Empyrean rung;
The Stars of Morning now no longer sung;
They mov'd in silence through the vast expanse,
And Hell's myrmidons all appear'd to dance!
A pause in heaven follow'd—all was still—
And angels sought to know their Maker's will!
The Father, rising from His shining throne,
Asked—"Who for fallen man shall now atone?
Gabriel, wilt thou lay all thy glory by,
And go to yonder world for man to die?"
Said Gabriel—"Lord, though I, at thy command,
Could overturn the globe by my right hand,
And crush ten thousand worlds like that to dust,
Yet O, my God! it is too high a trust.
Without the shedding of some creature's *blood*,
There can be no remission with my God;
And angels, Lord, thou know'st have none to shed,
Exemption, therefore, may they justly plead.
I am but finite too—no pow'r but thine,
No skill can form a project so divine:
Not all the angel-pow'rs above, below,
Can now avert the force of Satan's blow;
If thou, Omnipotent, canst not devise
Some scheme of safety—guilty Adam dies!"

But be astonish'd, Earth! Look down, ye skies;
 Gaze, O ye Morning Stars, with all your eyes!
 The second person in the Trinity,
 Arose and said—"Be all the blame on ME:
 I'll die for man, to make his safety sure,
 And Hell's dark spirits shall rejoice no more!
 I will destroy death's formidable dart,
 And let him glut his malice in my heart;
 And by my bitter, last expiring groan,
 Completely will the King of Death dethrone.
 I will assume man's nature, hunger, thirst,
 And then, at last, die on a tree accurs'd;
 But, on the third day, I in pow'r will rise,
 And thus ascend up to my Father's joys:
 There, stand for ever as man's great High Priest,
 Until he enters my eternal rest."
 The father spoke:—"I now accept the price—
 I yield to give my Son a sacrifice;"
 "Then," said the Holy Ghost, "I too will join,
 To seal man's pardon as conjointly mine!"
 The Mighty God now hail'd the new-made pair—
 "Adam, where art thou? To me draw near,
 And tell the cause why thou art fill'd with fear." }
 "I found that I was *naked*;—for the *wife*
 THOU gavest me, to be my mate through life,
 Gave me the fruit of that forbidden tree,
 And brought me to the helpless state you see!"
 "Adam—because thou hast so badly done,
 In labor shall thy troubled moments run;
 Thy bread by sweat and toil thou shalt obtain,
 And all thy days be liable to pain.

Thy partner's sorrows shall be multiplied,
And death, at last, th' unhappy pair divide:
For henceforth, thou shalt be from Eden driv'n,
Lest thou transgress again the laws of heav'n;
A double flaming sword shall guard the place,
And drive thee forth into the wilderness:
Nevertheless, if thou wilt now obey,
I've open'd up a new and living way;
Thou may'st be sav'd through Christ, my only Son,
And pardon'd for the deed thou now hast done."

Now, when the Morning Stars had heard the plan,
They sang aloud, the Love of God to Man;—
"Good will from heav'n to men; abounding peace—
Reign on the earth, and never, never cease!"
To pious shepherds on fair Beth'lem's plain,
Was first announc'd the great Messiah's reign,
When, at the midnight hour, a seraph bright,
Descended with unnumber'd rays of light,
That o'er the plains in arrowy circles spread,
As peerless as the rainbow round his head.
"Fear not, said he, the joyful tidings hear,
Let lands that lay in darkness lend an ear;
Glad tidings to the world aloud proclaim,
Messiah's born—and Jesus is His name!
To-day he makes his visit, man, to you,
But not in pomp as earthly monarchs do;
For, lo! his bed in yonder manger stands,
The King of Kings is wrapp'd in swaddling bands:
Go and salute the Sovereign of the skies,
And with the Magi let your praises rise:
To him they now their costly off'rings bring,
And, low, adore their Prophet, Priest, and King.

They've seen His Star—it guides their wand'ring feet,
They've found the place of Israel's God's retreat.
Hark! now with heavenly sounds the welkin rings,
A countless multitude the chorus sings:
“Glory to God in heaven's heights be giv'n,
Peace and good will descend to man from heav'n!
The Savior's born to cancel human guilt,
For man, for favor'd man, His blood is spilt;
Let Adam's fallen race His praise proclaim,
And sing the matchless glory of his name.”
But O! the skies with far less lustre shone,
And all the starry hosts put mourning on;
But when they heard the soul-reviving plan,
They twinkled praise to Him who bled for man.
The Moon, that formerly had shone so bright,
Refus'd to shine but with a varied light;
Hence, once a month, she veils her silver face,
As if to mourn for man's rebellious race,
And once a month she shines with full orb'd rays,
As a just tribute to Redeeming Grace.
The Sun, abash'd at such an awful sight,
No longer shone with more than half his light;
And thus address'd the Moon, with silver ray,
“Go—rule the night, and I will rule the day:
Thus will we shine and sing with one consent,
Till Time's now fluctuating term is spent:
But since THE SON His life for man has giv'n,
So that he yet may raise and sing in heav'n,
We'll move in silence through the vast expanse,
And lead the Planets in their lofty dance.
The sat'ellites, too, that on our orbs attend,
Shall speak His praise till time itself shall end;

And though no real voice be heard, the spheres
Shall sing to latest days in Reason's ears,
And to all lands this blessed truth proclaim,
A God alone could build so grand a frame!
The surging sea, in his eternal roar,
The beaten rocks along his shelly shore;
The silent calm that on his bosom rests,
When halcyons brood in safety on their nests; (e)
His billows when, at times, toss'd mountain high
By angry winds, that in a murmur die;
All then shall join to speak His worthy praise,
Who bears so long with man's unhallow'd ways."

Hence, then, we find the Music of the Spheres,
Has been continued near six thousand years;
And yet how long they shall remain to sing,
Is only known to Heav'ns Eternal King.
But now you have an humble poet's views,
Of the first great origin of the Muse;
And should some abler pen my thoughts succeed,
Man's future race may bless him for the deed.

NOTES

ON THE MUSIC OF THE MORNING STARS.

(a) It is the opinion of some great men that the comets which sometimes make their appearance, and

"From their horrid hair,
Shake pestilence and war."

are stars which have probably left their orbits, and now wander through the regions of illimitable space. From their well known and stated returns, at different periods, I am inclined to believe the Almighty has appended them to the planetary system for some purposes of which we know nothing until he shall be pleased to reveal them; or until the increasing light of science shall have solved the enigma. It is certainly an extravagant and absurd notion to suppose, those comets are half formed worlds in a chaotic state, as this would go to argue that the great Architect of the universe had commenced a system, which he wanted either the wisdom or the power to finish. Others with more plausibility, suppose that the stated returns of those apparently eccentric stars, are to supply the still decreasing moisture of the earth. This may be the fact, or it may not—it is but conjecture at the best. I have my doubts of all those theories which cannot afford a mathematical demonstration. As far as philosophy agrees with the Bible, so far am I reconciled to her dogmas.

(b) Are fill'd with an inebriating juice, &c.

It may admit of dispute whether this assertion be philosophically correct or not; for it has been said that the grain does not possess any poisonous quality until it is tortured into poison by the chemical process of distillation; but to this we reply—previous to the fall of man, no plant, no vegetable, nor any thing beside, could have

had a poisonous or unwholesome nature:—As a *part*, things were *good*; and as a *whole*, they were *very good*; and so the Almighty pronounced them

(c) It is the improper use of ardent spirits which the writer condemns. The apostle assures us, “Every creature of God is good, if received ‘with thanksgiving and prayer;’” but can that person use ardent spirits “with thanksgiving and prayer,” who is in the habit of taking his daily *morning dram*, as it is called? We think not: for the very use of it, in this common way, has an unfavorable effect upon a man’s devotional faculties.

(d) The dimensions of Noah’s ark were computed as follow:

	feet.	tons.
Length of keel,	300	Its burden as a man-of-
Breadth by the midship beam, 50		war, 4,500
Depth in the hold,	30	As a merchant ship, 4,736

So the ark was amply sufficient for every purpose for which it was intended.

(e) It has been said by superstitious mariners, that during the incubation of the halcyon (or king fisher) there is a perfect calm on the bosom of the sea.

A RIGHTEOUS CHARACTER DISPLAYED;

OR,

An Elegiac Eulogium on the Death and Character of the Reverend
LEWIS ROMULUS FECHTIG, Presiding Elder in the Methodist
Episcopal Church, who was called from his ministerial labors and
usefulness in the prime of his days—Sept. 25, 1823.

Ego sequor, non pacibus equis.

“I shall follow, though not with equal steps.”

FECHTIG is dead! Thou man of God, farewell!
My spirit mourns while on thy death I dwell:
But yet, with triumph, I pursue thy flight,
Through Faith's fair optics, to the world of light.
Mysterious Providence! How sad the blow,
That left the church in mourning here below!
How Zion mourn'd when our lov'd Fechtig fell,
Whose eloquence oft shook the gates of hell!
How hard the stroke! How wide the bleeding wound!
“Fechtig is dead”—conveys a pensive sound:
The hills, the dales, th' afflictive news convey—
“Great Fechtig mingles with his fellow-clay.”
But still, methinks, I hear his pleasing voice,
That often made the midnight groves rejoice;
That bade the mourner wipe his falling tears,
And lull'd his groundless and foreboding fears.

How often, when the thousand eyes of night,
With twinkling majesty shone full and bright,
(While yet the pale-fac'd moon was at low tide,
Or faintly glimmer'd on the mountain's side,)
I've sat me down beneath the stately oak,
Till more than half convinced an angel spoke? (a)
How rung the coves amid the glaring light (b)
That shone from diff'rent strands! (a pleasing sight!)
While with a musical but fervent tone,
I've heard him plead for sinners at the Throne?
In audience with Jehovah, then appear'd
The man—and most audacious sinners fear'd;
While *loud* AMENS to heaven's high concave rung,
And hearty prayers from every pious tongue.
But see him rise!—Behold what sparkling grace,
Illumes each feature of his angel-face!
With what a solemn air! yet calm—serene—
Expressive of that greater calm within.
But as exhilarating prospects rise,
And scenes of glory pass before his eyes,
His manly voice ascends—it takes its flight,
And mingles with the first-born sons of light.
As some tall oak that stands above the rest,
With a perpetual genial season blest;—
So Fechtig spread his beauties to the skies,
And in his count'nance bloom'd a paradise.
Ye *lifeless* orators, whose *warmest* zeal
Can hardly make *adoring seraphs* feel;
Whose strains, though labor'd, are but cold and dry, (c)
HE was the man for you to copy by!
How little profit sermons void of FIRE,
Or those smooth things promulg'd alone for hire?

He was the man!—A model of true zeal,
His sermons made the lordly *tyrant* feel. (d)
He plung'd the dagger—Truth—into his heart,
And made him GROAN beneath the painful smart.
A son of *Thunder* and of *Comfort* too,
He kept his awful mission full in view;—
Preached with authority, like his dear Lord,
And kept back nothing left upon record.
Yes,—to his lasting honor, be it said,
The golden wedge had not disturb'd his head—
A minister fill'd with the Holy Ghost,
And Faith,—the Savior was his mighty boast.
While others court the honors of the great,
'Twas his to scorn the titles of estate:
Fitted by nature to enjoy them all;
He all abandon'd at his Master's call—
Left his dear home to face the pelting storm—
For bleeding Love the coldest heart will warm;
And faithful to his great and awful trust,
He gather'd souls as misers gather dust.
He never slumber'd o'er his red-cross shield,
But, as a noble vet'ran, kept the field.
Arm'd with the spirit's never-failing sword,
He fought, in truth, the battles of the Lord.
He labor'd early, and he labor'd late;
He thought no service for his God too great:
His soul was honest in the sacred cause;—
The tenor of his life deserves applause.
Yes;—be it known, great Fechtig's name stood fair;
No blemishes his spotless course impair:
Like CALEB, *fully* followed he his Lord,
And faithful mem'ries will the fact record.

Let no rude hand, unconscious of his worth,
Affect to treat with disrespect his birth:—
For they, to whom so fine a son was born,
Are plac'd, at once, beyond the reach of scorn!
Yes,—little ones, with reverence shall say,
As Fechtig's parents pass along the way,
“There goes the father of that man of God,
Who taught mankind to walk the narrow road;”
Or—“there is Fechtig's mother!—Matron blest,
Thou had'st a son, whose name shall stand confest,
Among the men of heav'n-exalted worth,
And heaven smil'd upon thee in his birth!”
But he is gone! How happy was his flight!
Fechtig in death?—It was a glorious sight!
What radiant forms attend the bed of death,
While Fechtig struggled for immortal breath?
To die—he did not die—but nobly lives,
And endless being with his God receives.
When once his clay-wall house had fallen down,
He soar'd and seiz'd a kingdom and a crown.
As did his soul from earth to heav'n aspire,
The chariots saw ye not?—The wheels of fire?
The mighty steeds that cleft th' opposing wind,
When he his earthly mantle dropp'd behind?
If ye have caught it, bind that mantle fast
About your breast, and keep it to the last,
So that a double share of grace be sent,
To those who stay as when Elijah went.
A waiting ministerial host, convoy
Th' immortal Fechtig to the realms of joy:
The Savior bids him welcome to the skies,
And cherubs hail him with sweet symphonies.

“Enter,” says Jesus;—“share that vast reward,
And live for ever happy in thy Lord:
To endless ages sing that great new song,
While ‘glory’ dwells on thy seraphic tongue.”
His harp is tun’d!—Cherubic legions round,
Catch higher bliss at its extatic sound:
Adoring throngs with greater awe adore,
As Fechtig sings the Lamb for evermore—
The Lamb who erst on Calv’ry’s bloody brow,
His head beneath a world of guilt did bow,
But who, arising, broke the bars of death,
And conquer’d all the grisly powers beneath;
So Fechtig died!—He conquer’d when he fell,
And rose triumphant over death and hell:
But while he shall to endless ages shine,
The HONOR and the VICT’RY, Lord, BE THINE!
’Twas thou, my God, who mad’st his soul to glow
With heav’nly warmth, to bless the world below:
’Twas thou did’st light his tongue with quick’ning flame,
And taught mankind to bow at Jesus’s name. (e)
What though no sculptur’d marble mark his head?
Legions of angels guard his dusty bed;—
And though the mountains be on oceans tost,
And earth torn piecemeal in the tempest lost,
Yet, not one atom of his sleeping clay,
Shall want its fellow on that awful day—
But rais’d, renew’d, and modell’d all divine,
Shall in the likeness of Immanuel shine.
What though no bronze immortalize his name,
Nor speak his worth?—Jehovah is the same:
The death of Saints is precious in his sight,
And He will register his soul’s delight.

Fechtig farewell! I mourn the Church's loss,
Yet hail the vict'ries of the Great Red Cross:
Though thou art gone, thy God can raise up more,
And spread his glory to each distant shore.
Fechtig, farewell! Ere long the trump shall sound,
And rouse the slumb'ring tenants under ground;
Whilst thou, upstarting from thy peaceful bed,
Shall rise with endless glory on thy head:—
A body nimble as the light'ning beams,
When from the chambers of the East it gleams—
Immortaliz'd and freed from mortal things,
Thou shalt receive a seraph's golden wings.
Thy body, fitted for thy vasty soul,
Shall range those blessed climes without control;
The King of Kings in beauty thou shalt see,
And shout his praise to all eternity.
O blessed day, that calls his exiles home,
That cleaves the sky and wakes the general doom!
His servants then, of every sect shall meet,
And lay their laurels at the conq'ror's feet.
Their differences then will all subside,
And happy while eternal ages glide,
They all shall join, in love-enkindled lays,
And chant aloud their common Savior's praise.
Come, then, my God, to longing eyes appear,
And scatter blessings on thy people here!
Roll the reproach from Zion's bleeding door,
And call and send ten thousand preachers more
With Fechtig's spirit, so the world may fall,
Before the cross, and own thee Lord of all.
Yes;—Fechtig's love to man was unconfin'd;—
It reach'd to diff'rent sects—to all mankind:
He FELT, he SPOKE, he LIV'D the truths he taught,
As conscious of the worth of souls the Lord had bought.

Go, reader, tread the paths that Fechtig trod,
And thou shalt reign eternally with God!
But lo! by faith I see a shining band,
With palms of vict'ry in each deathless hand;
In robes of spotless white they are array'd;
They march in cheerful columns wide display'd:
To Salem's peaceful gates they bend their way;
On golden harps how joyfully they play!
Their hopes, their fears, their num'rous griefs subside,
Nor time, nor death, can kindred souls divide.
With songs they enter the celestial gates;
The blessed Jesus their arrival waits:
Each raptur'd saint proclaims the Savior's praise,
While angels strike their sweetest, noblest lays.
See, now, a form majestically bright,
(His figure proves he is a son of light,)
With lightning speed the deathless band draws near,
And speaks aloud, "My brethren, welcome here!
I'm glad to meet your faithful souls at last;
The storm is o'er—the doubtful conflict's past!
Here pilgrims rest, nor heave one mournful sigh;
Here pleasures undescribed shall never die!
When at a distance I had bade adieu,
To all below, I hop'd to meet with you."
'Tis Fechtig speaks! His converts know his voice,
And rushing to his arms, they all rejoice;
But still they give the glory to the Lamb,
Through whom they all to that blest region came.
In tenements not subject to decay,
Cloth'd with a nobler house than that of clay;
In firmer bonds they walk the climes above,
And pluck the fruits of Jesu's dying love.

O happy union and perennial ties,
Not death dissolves the kindred of the skies!
And they who serve the Lord with holy fear,
Shall meet an ample compensation there.
Fechtig farewell! When this poor house of clay
Shall sink into a ruinous decay,
I hope my happy soul shall meet with thine,
To sing, in notes symphonious, love divine!
But ah! how far my notes shall fall below
The strains that in thy raptur'd bosom glow:
But I'm content, if I but gain a seat
Among the thrones of saints, at Fechtig's feet!
Yes—precious Savior!—if thou art but near,
Thy presence shall dispel all gloomy fear;
And though not as superior grades I shine,
I shall be blest to count *his* triumphs *mine*.

Hallelujah! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

NOTES

ON A RIGHTEOUS CHARACTER DISPLAYED.

(a) Till more than half convinced, &c.

The Rev. Mr. Fechtig's voice was peculiarly pleasing and harmonious. The author of these lines looks back with the most cheering, yet melancholy reflections, on those golden moments when he enjoyed the advantages of the ministry of that great man of God:—*cheering*, because, he was strengthened and edified by his labors; but *melancholy*, since that period is past forever; but "he, being dead, yet speaketh." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

(b) How rung the coves amid the glaring light, &c.

The open firmament, bespangled with its thousand brilliant stars, which glitter through the midnight gloom;—the moon walking in her brightness along the ethereal way; the various lights, situated at given distances, through the verdant grove; the voice of heaven-inspired music; and, to which may be added, the strains of a lively orator, (and such was Fechtig,) dealing out the word of eternal life, all unite to form a scene more grand, solemn, and majestic, than the author is able to describe. But alas! those tones of our beloved brother are hushed forever in the silence of the grave. Reader, will the Lord raise up another Fechtig to intercede between thy God and thee? Then fly, quickly fly to that "blood that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel." It now speaks in thy behalf before the throne. Haste to Jesus! There is mercy and salvation there!

(c) Whose strains, though labor'd, are but cold and dry, &c.

The author does not wish to cast any personal reflections on those denominations who see proper to give their ministers a *stated salary*.

Ministers of the Gospel are entitled to a genteel support;—for “the workman is worthy of his meat.” But how many have monopolized the word, and made the Gospel a machine for amassing wealth, regardless of their awful charge? It was a saying of one of our venerable reformers, that “hell is paved with priests, as far as from Calais to Dover.” But let me not dishearten that noble set of men, who “count not their lives dear unto them,” but spend their sweat, their blood and tears, in the cause of the Redeemer.

“His heritage they toil to clear,
And cultivate Immanuel’s land.”

Such characters deserve our highest veneration; and whatever their names may be, or let them belong to what peculiar sect they may, yet God looks on them with delight; and, ere long, will amply reward their “labor of love.”

(d) His sermons made the lordly tyrant feel, &c.

This assertion was exemplified in a sermon, which the Rev. Mr. Fechtig preached at a camp meeting in * * * *, when a certain gentleman arose, and, with some warmth, very impolitely interrupted the preacher as well as the audience. The Reverend Mr. Fechtig, perhaps, probed his wound too deeply!

(e) And taught mankind to bow at Jesu’s name; &c.

When Mr. Fechtig was preaching at N. R. a certain man, “who was a sinner,” was laid prostrate on the earth, under the influence of the word:—he arose, with some difficulty, and scrambled away as quick as possible. “*There is a man,*” said Mr. Fechtig, “who would *now* obtain religion, if he would but yield to the operations of the spirit of God.” The man, who was the subject of this work, in a subsequent conversation with a religious friend, who communicated it to me, observed, “previous to my falling to the earth,” (such was the remorse of his conscience,) “I plainly discovered streams of fire, proceeding from Fechtig’s mouth, and darting to each individual through the congregation. I could not withstand the force with which he spoke, and involuntarily fell to the earth.” That great and good man, the Rev. George Whitefield, gives us an account of an affair somewhat similar to the above circumstance. He tells us, when he was preaching in a grave yard,

at Moorefields, (England,) he discovered a large, bold looking man, standing on a tomb-stone, above the rest of the congregation: "I looked sternly at him," said Mr. Whitefield, and cried aloud, "come down, you rebel, and submit to God!" He instantly fell, as if shot, and did not arise from the earth until I had reasons to believe he was savingly turned to God. But, perhaps, I have gone too far. I shall be accused of enthusiasm, superstition, and fanaticism. If, however, I may be a subject of those blessed operations, of which Mr. Whitefield has so successfully talked, and about which his illustrious friend, John Wesley, has so powerfully preached, then—let the world mock on!—I am contented.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

SEE the star be-spangled sky,
 And those brilliant orbs on high;
 As in ether each one floats,
 Sing they not the softest notes?
 Hear their music as they roll;—
 Do they not inform thy soul,
 That their Maker is divine,
 In whom brighter glories shine?
 See yon vivid lightning dart!
 Awes it not thy thoughtless heart?
 Hear loud rumbling thunders roll,
 Hoarsely grumbling to each pole!
 Do these no information give,
 Nor teach vain mortals how to live?
 They but inform—'tis all they can!—
 "There is a God that reigns o'er man!"
 When from the black-wing'd clouds on high,
 The rocking, roaring whirlwinds fly,
 The forests groan beneath his nod;
 The raging tempest speaks—"A God!"
 "A God!" the bending trees reply;—
 See His vibrating lightnings fly;—
 The lofty mountains humbly nod,
 The thunders bellow—"There's a God!"

THE MEMORIAL OF THE JUST.

Sacred to the memory of the Reverend ENOCH GEORGE, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who departed this life, August 24th, 1828, in the 62d year of his age, gloriously triumphing over all the powers of darkness.

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Holy Writ.

LET others sing of glitt'ring spears and shields,
Of furbish'd swords and desolating fields;
Where tyrant kings have drench'd the earth with gore,
And legions fell and heroes liv'd no more:
Or let Columbian bards attune the lay,
And sing the bloody revolution day;—
Those patriotic souls with ardor fir'd,
Who on the heights of Bunker's Hill expir'd;
Or deeds of the far greater Washington,
Whose fame extends to the remotest sun;
I chose a nobler theme;—the men who cross'd
The cloud-capp'd mountains, to retrieve the lost;
Who spread the triumph of Immanuel's name,
And teach the savage heart with love to flame;
That band I sing, which now so long has stood,
In firmest phalanx, obstinately good;
Lavish of life, Immanuel's land they clear,
And thus their fruit to full perfection bear.

Those men I chant who earth and ocean cross,
And, for their Lord, count earthly gain but loss;
Renounce their homes, and face the pelting storm,
To meet insults and shame in every form,
From those who know not their illustrious birth,
And never raise their thoughts above the earth.

Such men have an imperishable name,
Though not enroll'd in the fair book of fame;
Their deeds are registered in worlds on high,
Recorded in the archives of the sky.

GEORGE was a leader of this martial band;
And in the front with harness did he stand:
His breast-piece was a plate of righteousness;
His feet were shod, prepar'd with gospel-peace.
His helmet full salvation was; his shield
Was faith, through which he still maintain'd the field:
He walk'd with loins begirt with Scripture-truth;
The Spirit's sword he wielded from his youth:
It was a two-edg'd blade, of temper keen,
It sunder'd 'twixt the sinner and his sin.
He supplications made and pray'd all prayer,
And watch'd thereto that he might persevere;
Thus did he put the heavenly armor on,
And mark'd the steps in which his Master run;
For had he laid this panoply aside,
He knew some evil might his soul betide.
His foes were num'rous and malignant too—
But grace will always bear the faithful through.
He had not to contend with flesh and blood,
But thrones and powers, once the sons of God;
Who still some trace of ancient pomp retain;
But hate the light and spurn Messiah's reign:

The rulers of the darkness of this world,
From seats of bliss by flaming vengeance hurl'd;
Who now usurp a spiritual reign
O'er man; and thus, by fraud, their cause maintain.
George fought with these—He fought them o'er and o'er;
For Satan vexes whom he can't devour:
But George withstood his wiles:—each fiery dart
Was quench'd, through faith, in Jesu's bleeding heart;
Exulting in the grace his God had bought,
He soar'd and tasted joys surpassing thought.
O could my laboring mind to mortals tell,
The solid joy with which his breast did swell,
When he proclaim'd the glory of that place,
Where Jesus manifests his largest grace!
But, O! it overpowers a soul like mine,
To dwell on themes so wondrously Divine:
What heights and depths of love did he express?
He was indeed, a prodigy of grace!
But mournful news!—My aged friend is gone:
He *sings*, and *shines*, and *shouts* around the throne:
But I am left to grovel here below,
And struggle with accumulated woe.
Say, did you see the Spirit in its flight?
I mark'd its course; I saw the convoy bright;
From Salem's happy land that convoy came;
They bore his spirit in a car of flame!*
I heard the wheels—I saw the chariot roll;
The very sound sheds glory through my soul!
The fiery steeds have cleft yon azure blue;
I gaze—adore—and long to follow too!†

*See 2 Kings, chap. ii, 11. †2 Kings, ii, 12.

The everlasting doors admittance give,
And Jesus cries, "George, enter in and live!
Lay off thy old, thy weather-beaten frame,
And join the Saints in praises to my name.
Ere long I shall a second time appear,
To shed fresh glory on my members there:
They who have lov'd and serv'd my cause below,
Shall then with youth and grace immortal glow;
Shine with new charms, and to their glad surprize,
In my all glorious form they shall arise,
And beam with beauty, (prodigies of grace!)
And see their God and Savior face to face.
Here I will lead my ransom'd people forth,
To living streams of still increasing worth;
To pastures ever green they shall repair,
And I, the Lord, will be their Shepherd here.
No sickness now shall lay his pallid hand
Upon the subjects of this healthful land;
But death and sorrow shall be done away,
And pleasure flow through one eternal day.
Here too are scenes of permanent delight,
And glory upon glory strikes the sight;
For faith and hope in full fruition cease,
And all is calm, substantial, endless peace.
Come then, my son, my heir to joys divine,
A throne, a kingdom, and a crown are thine:
Enter my rest, thou blessed of the Lord,
And take thy free, thy rich, immense reward!"
All heaven shouts; the saints renew the strain:
The chorus rolls through all th' ethereal plain;
The blood-wash'd throng now clap their golden wings,
And shout the praises of the King of kings,

See, George is there! He tunes his harp anew,
To praise the arm that brought him safely through,
His vast desires find full and rich employ;
He drinks of rivers of eternal joy.
O happy, happy place! Thou blest abode,
Founded and built by the Eternal God!
I'm lost! o'erwhelm'd by the confounding rays,
And turn me from th' insufferable blaze.
All hail! ye soldiers of the great red cross;
With you, I count the world as filthy dross;
I see your labors, and your steps pursue;
If I can't shine as bright, I'll sing with you!
Ye aged vet'rans of the cross go on;
Your toils and suff'rings here will soon be done.
The Lord will send his chariot pav'd with love,
And take you to your endless home above.
I travel, though but slowly, after you;
But hope to rise and sing with angels too;
Among your radiant thrones, or at your feet,
My bliss shall be eternal and complete.
Adieu, dear George!—Thy triumph's so divine,
I long in that immortal choir to join;
Then while below I will begin the song,
And shout to Jesus as I march along!
Young preachers, who have lately grasp'd the sword,
Gird up and fight the battles of the Lord:
A noise is heard among the mulb'rry trees;*
Go forward, and improve the om'nous breeze.
Your captain is before! He leads the van.
He gives the vict'ry to a single man!

*See Bible History. 12

Fear not your foes, though now in dread array;
For with your captain you shall win the day.
Be diligent; still watching unto prayer;
The end of all created things is near.
With tempest and with fire great JAH shall come;
The trump shall sound—"Return, ye exiles home!"
O glorious period! what has Jesus bought?
A rest for me, surpassing highest thought;
The grand magnificence of earth is poor,
Compar'd with this!—and yet—I sue for more!
MY GOD!—I beg my favor'd eyes may see,
The man who bled for George—who died for ME;
That I may join in that exalted strain,
"Salvation, Glory, Praise to God! Amen!"
AMEN, I cry, as from my inmost soul:
O may the Gospel fly from pole to pole;
Till heathen tribes shall see millennial day,
And glory blaze through North America.

CHANCE BLIND;

OR, GOD THE SOLE DIRECTOR OF THE AFFAIRS OF
THIS WORLD.

Go, thoughtless man, and read
Th' existence of a God,
In ev'ry single seed
That peeps forth from the sod:
Both heav'n, and earth, and air, and sea,
Declare there must a first cause be.

The earth on which we tread,
With living atoms fraught;
The hand, the heart, the head,
Display design, forethought;
Contrivance deep; surpassing skill,
Such as Blind Chance ne'er can or will.

How sprang this globe to form?
Were atoms blindly hurl'd
To being by a storm?—
Did this produce a world?
Go, Atheist, blush—if you can—
Asham'd to own yourself a man.

Old ocean, in his roar,
The living God bespeaks;
The surge and shelly shore,
The billow as it breaks;—
These speak his awful majesty;
A volume wrote to you and me.

The wonder of the deep
A volume large displays;
The millions there that creep,
And all the finny race;
But more than all Leviathan,
Proclaims His power to ev'ry man!

When old Vesuvius roars,
And vomits fiery flame;
When melted lava pours
A dreadful liquid stream;—
Who checks the awful burning flood,
Or bids it roll where towns once stood?

When earthquakes shake the ground,
And forked lightnings fly;
When thunders bellow round,
And clouds enshroud the sky;—
Who gives the thunderbolt its aim,
Or makes the groaning earthquake tame?

When hurricanes and storms,
O'er towns and nations sweep,
In all their dreadful forms,
Who bids destruction sleep?
Who curbs, alike, the wind and rain,
And makes the tempest still again?

When plagues infest the land,
And wars and famine rage;
Who gives the dread command
That these shall all engage
To lay a haughty nation low?—
Is it Blind Chance that gives the blow?

But what supports this ball,
The globe on which we tread?
Who fashion'd nature's hall,
And hung those lamps o'erhead?
Who spread yon sparkling canopy,
Or bade those lights in order fly?

Who bade the blazing sun
To shed his genial ray?—
To distant nations run
And light and heat convey?
If Chance did this, 'tis very odd;—
But call Him Chance—I call Him God?

Who gives the sea his bounds,
And points the sun his way?
Marks to the moon her rounds,
And bids the stars obey?
So in some thousand years not one
Has quit the course that first it run?

'Tis God!—all nature cries;
Reason a God proclaims;—
“Revere Him and be wise;
Adore his awful names;
His Majesty’s exceeding great;
He is a being uncreate.”

But revelation speaks;
She tells me—“God is nigh;”
My inmost spirit quakes,
Lest His dread vengeance fly,
And, for my follies, strike me dead,
With endless curses on my head.

But mercy speaks again;—
My terrors all are flown!—
“For man he gave to pain
His only darling Son:
He died for all the human race;
His love would all mankind embrace!”

Lord, all my soul obeys;
To this retreat I fly;
Then should thine anger raise,
Justice shall pass me by;
I shelter in thy only Son;
Forgive me for what HE has done;

Here shall my feet abide;
I know no other way.
Be thou, O Lord, my guide,
Nor let my footsteps stray:
Thy love to me shall wonders show,
More than dull atheists ever know.

When they shall shrink and die,
And sun and moon decay;
When stars shall leave the sky,
And nature melt away;
Not *Chance*, but GOD shall have the praise,
While I adore His wondrous ways.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

PART I.

A voice is heard in distant lands,
And Ethiop stretches forth her hands;
She waits upon the living God,
And spreads his gracious name abroad.
Finland the Gospel-beams has felt;
Siberia too begins to melt;
And Otaheite's far distant isle,
Is favor'd with a Savior's smile.
Russia and India are awake,
And of the Gospel feast partake:
Why should our nerves be yet unstrung,
When these of Jesu's love have sung?

What cheering scenes rise to our view;
How pleasant and how lively too!
We feel no more the chilling blast;
For winter's frigid reign is past!
The rain is over now, and gone;
We feel the warm and quick'ning sun;
The flowers on the earth appear,
And birds lead on the joyful year.
We hear the turtle's charming voice,
And souls in Jesu's love rejoice;
The heavy clouds have flown away,
And darkness yields to Gospel-day.

PART II.

Zion extends her borders too;
The landscape widens to the view;
Her converts to her courts repair,
And worship God with holy fear.
Now Salem's harps are on the string,
While to the passing breeze they fling
Their sweet and varied melody,
To celebrate the One in Three.
New life has fill'd both east and west;
They fly for shelter to His breast;
They find the new and living way,
Now open to eternal day.
The golden chain, let from above,
Cemented by a Savior's love,
Still longer grows, and must embrace,
The whole of Adam's fallen race!
Yes—bless the Lord!—it reaches now,
From Massachusetts to Moscow;

From Labrador to Calcutta,
Extends the blessed Gospel day.
Where e'er is heard the Gospel sound,
The graces flourish and abound;
Heathens revere the Christian's name,
Their spirit, hopes, and views, the same!
O may they all together grow,
(A building fitly framed below,)
Into a temple of the Lord,
And find in him their vast reward.

LINES,

Inscribed to the memory of OTHO SHEETZ, a pious and useful member of the Presbyterian Church, who departed this life December 11th, 1832, near Flushing, Belmont county, Ohio.

OTHO, thou friend of God and man, adieu;
With tears thy "mystic flight" we now pursue;
We trace thy course beyond the milky way,
Where thou shalt shine a star in endless day!
Thou wast a man of God.—The heavenly breath
Had rais'd thy soul from sense, and sin, and death;
Thy faith was brilliant, and thy witness bright,
Of joys to come, and heaven's unfailing light.
Thy soul was fraught with human excellence,
Benevolence, philanthropy, and plain good sense;
Let Flushing weep, with all her richest store,
For Belmont yields such pomp for death no more!
Farewell, dear friend!—triumphant in thy death,
Thou own'dst thy Savior with thy latest breath,

And O, thy Savior shall acknowledge thee
His lawful heir; and thou a king shalt be!
What though no marble marks the mournful spot,
Where thou shalt be in future years forgot?
Thy name stands on the archives of the sky;
Thy humble worth is register'd on high!
I weep for thee; but O, I weep with hope;
Thou art, before thy friends, to Christ caught up;
Thou hast but gone a little while before;
We soon shall hail thee on that peaceful shore.
Though long afflictions mark'd thy latter day,
And wore the comforts of thy life away,
Thou wast not comfortless; for pow'r divine
Appear'd upon thy happy soul to shine!
Ah, had mine eyes beheld thy dying scene,
Without a veil of flesh to intervene,
What seraphs had I seen around thy bed?
What forms angelic till thy spirit fled!
Adieu, my friend; thou hadst a safe convoy
From racking pains to everlasting joy;
Angels convey'd thee on their golden wings,
And now thou reignest with the King of kings!
No wat'ry humors now corrupt thy blood,
Or sap the juices of life's tender flood;
But, deck'd with youth, immortal vigor now,
Shall bloom forever on thy deathless brow!
'Tis true—thy frame is laid beneath the sod,
Thy soul's gone up to see thy Father—God;
So for awhile thy spirit is disjoined
From that frail flesh, which thou hast left behind:
But when these shadows shall have flown away,
And Gabriel's trump proclaims the judgment day,

Thy flesh, sown in corruption, shall arise,
And, from all dregs refin'd, ascend the skies.
No longer wilt thou feel the dying throe;
For thou shalt leave mortality below;
Then subtle as the nimble lightning's fire,
Thy frame shall be immortal as its Sire!
No seeds of sickness, sorrow, pain, or death,
So thickly scattered in the world beneath,
Shall find a place;—but near thy Savior's breast,
In his eternal glory thou shalt rest.
Hark! 'tis the judgment-trump! See—Jesus comes!
Death's iron sleep is broke! rent are the tombs!
The pious dead in Christ shall first arise;
See!—Otho bursts the tomb and mounts the skies!
Immortal hallelujahs to our King!
We rise; and songs of triumph we shall sing;
The righteous shall not always sleep below;
It was thy wisdom, Lord, that made it so!
Widow! bereft of comfort the most dear,
Of him whom next to God thou loved'st here;
Check sorrow's flood, impatient of restraint;
Thy Otho lives and shines a deathless saint!
Or, if thou still must grieve, O be resign'd;
His Father to *thy* children will be kind;
A husband He to widows in distress;
A father to the child that's fatherless!
Children! Thy father waits for thee above;
He waits to clasp thee in the arms of love;
O choose *his* God and make his portion *thine*;
Then thou shalt say, "The kingdom too is mine!"
Till then in hope still let thy spirit rest;
The spirit has pronounc'd thy father blest;

O trace his steps;—his num'rous virtues trace,
 Then shalt thou see thy father face to face!
 Till then, dear friend, we say—a short adieu;
 We hope to rise and be as angels too;
 Ere long the Lord shall cleave yon azure sky,
 And take us up to join our friends on high.
 Come, Lord, and throw this shattered world aside;
 O send thy fiery chariots for thy bride;
 O now proclaim the long, grand jubilee,
 And let us reign in heaven, Lord, with Thee!

Sic Esto! (So be it!)

THE HANGING ROCKS.

There is a remarkable and stupendous mass of rocks on the South Branch of Potomac, in Hampshire county, four and a half miles below Romney, called "The Hanging Rocks," some of the highest masses of which appear to project almost immediately over the traveller's head. At a time when scattering clouds are swiftly flying over, it appears as if those rocks were about to be precipitated on your head, and more than once alarmed the author, who was not, at first, aware of the rapid motion of the clouds. On one of those occasions, the author's fears, on reflection, having subsided, he sat down on one of the fragments below, and composed the following Stanzas:—

God of nature! how tremendous
 Does this mass of rocks appear?
 How they hang—a work stupendous—
 Balanc'd in the yielding air!

What detains them in their bases,
 With the pond'rous part above?
 Will they not start from their places?
 See! their tops begin to move!

Be not frightened;—'tis the motion
Of the clouds beneath the sky;
They are trav'ling to the ocean,
Or to get a fresh supply.

They will bring a wat'ry treasure,
And the face of things renew;
Man, look on these scenes with pleasure;
Rocks and clouds were form'd for you!*

THE PLACE OF THE SOUL.

Go ask the clay, "Where is the soul!
The mass inactive is and dead;
The limbs no more its acts control;—
Where has the immortal spirit fled?"

Go ask the mourner when the tear,
Gushing and warm, bedews his face;—
"Where is the soul?—It is not here;
Alas! 'tis gone to its own place."

Go ask the envelope of wood,
That now surrounds the house of clay;
It speaks in language understood;—
"The vital spark has passed away!"

Go ask the solemn letter'd bust;—
It proudly rises o'er the grave;—
It speaks aloud—"Vain man is dust,
And none from death's cold grasp can save."

*I am aware that Mr. Pope very beautifully contradicts this sentiment, but his theory is as false as his language is pretty.

The sullen marble stands alone,
A witness of the stubborn truth;—
We read it on the sculptur'd stone,
That death spares neither age nor youth.

But stone nor marble tell us where
The deathless soul has winged its flight:—
Then ask the worm that revels there,
In that abode of constant night.

The silent worm makes no reply;—
Deaf is the grass, the clay, the sod;—
A voice from Heaven passes by,
Listen!—"The soul is with its God!"

DEFINITION OF THE SOUL.

What is the soul—that deathless thing?
Half-transcript of the Deity?
What seraph shall its essence sing,
Or who describe its form to me?

It is all life, all ear, all eye;
Exquisite feeling,—nice,—refined;
Picture of immortality,
Strange offspring of the eternal mind!

What is the soul?—'Tis more than shade;
It is a substance all divine,
(Which death itself cannot invade,)
And God has made that substance mine!

An indestructible machine,
That can, and does, and will expand;
Alone by deathless vision seen,
Yet living, it directs my hand!

'Tis capable of pain and grief,
Hatred, and hope, and love, and joy;
Perception, scepticism, belief;—
But cannot its own self destroy!

It has that strange thing we call *will*;—
Possesses self-determining power;
By which we move, sit, or stand still,
At any given day or hour!

It acts not necessarily;
For this its Maker ne'er designed;
It is in its volitions *free*,
A copy of th' Eternal Mind!

What is the soul?—abuse it not,—
It is an all-tremendous thing,
Lest when confined to some sad spot,
Thou feel an everlasting sting!

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

PARAPHRASED FROM OSSIAN.

WHO art thou of golden hue,
 Rolling in thy bed of blue?
 Round as is my father's shield,
 Whence the beams that thou dost yield?
 Whence thy everlasting light,
 Scatt'ring all the shades of night?
 Coming from the eastern sky,
 In thine awful majesty;
 Thy full beauties quench the stars,
 And the moon no more appears;
 Both, as conscious of thy worth,
 Hide their dimmer beams from earth.
 See each star has hid its head,
 Venus' brighter lamp has fled;
 And the moon has found a grave
 In the low, blue western wave!
 Cold and pale, there must she lie,
 Till the evening greets the sky.
 But thou, O resplendent sun,
 Movest gloriously alone;
 Who shall thy companion be
 In the heavens, earth, or sea?
 Who thy journey shall attend,
 Or say when thy race shall end?
 See the oaks prostrated fall,
 Time, or tempests ruin all;

Mountains too, by years, decay,
And the ocean wastes away;
Or, if it should grow again,
As the moon 'tis soon in wane.
But thou, Sun, art still the same;
Undiminished is thy flame;
Thou rejoicest in thy force,
In the brightness of thy course.
When the world grows dark with storms,
Nature's all sublimest forms;
When the grumbling thunders roll,
Striking terror to the soul;
When the forked lightnings fly,
And proclaim that God is nigh;
Then thou showest thy fair form,
And thou laughest at the storm!
But thou lookest forth in vain;
For thy beams renew my pain.
Now thou tremblest at the west,
In thy lovely golden vest;
But no more thy yellow hair
Calls my fixed attention there.
Ah, thou art, perhaps like me;
Thou shalt for a season be;
In a wilderness of clouds,
Gabriel's call thy light enshrouds.
Careless of the morning's voice,
Thou no longer shalt rejoice;
Time shall seal thy last long sleep,
In eternity's vast deep!

SWIFTNESS OF TIME, AND CERTAINTY OF
DEATH.

SWIFT as the thread wraps round the reel,
Swift as the new gear'd spinning wheel;
Swift as an eagle in the skies,
Swift as the Indian arrow flies;
Swift as the shuttle in the loom,
So swift we travel to the tomb!
Swift as the falling drops of rain,
Swift as the billows on the main;
Swift as the ship sails on the sea,
Swift as she turns about to lee;
Swift as the mounting paper kite,
So swift shall we be out of sight;
Swift as the blush of morning's dawn,
Swift as the streaks of day come on;
Swift as the visions round my bed,
Swift as the dream that leaves my head;
Swift as the cat leaps on its prey,
So swift shall death bear us away!
Swift as the misty vapor flies,
Swift as its gloom o'erspreads the skies;
Swift as the blustry winds are o'er,
Swift as the tempests cease to roar,
Swift as the rainbow spans the sky,
So swift may we be called to die!
Swift as the sun speeds on his flight,
Swift as the moon we saw last night;

Swift as the year that rolls away,
Swift as the month, the week, the day,
Swift as return of day and night,
So swift we wing our onward flight!
Swift as eternity rolls on,
Swift as those ages long by-gone;
Swift as the archangel's trumpet's sound,
Swift as it rends the gloom profound;
Swift as the resurrection day,
So swift does nature pass away!
Swift as the dead in myriads rise,
Swift as the flames ascend the skies;
Swift as the judgment throne is set,
Swift as we hear—what's not heard yet;
Swift as we know our future doom,
So swift we all are going home!
Swift as we hear the sound, "depart,"
Swift as it strikes the guilty heart;
Swift as the tone of "Come, ye blest,"
Swift as we enter into rest;
Swift as the pains of death and hell,
So swift, if good, with God we'll dwell!
Swift as the joys of heaven roll,
Swift as its bliss matures my soul;
Swift as the pangs of endless woe,
Swift as the bad to hell must go;
Swift as eternal ages fly,
So swift will saint and sinner die!
If time thus swiftly passes on,
If we so swiftly shall be gone;
If heaven the righteous shall obtain,
If hell's designed for wicked men;
How careful should I always be,
That I may reign, my God, with Thee!

FOR THE 4th DAY OF JULY, 1835.

WITH songs of exultation,
 We praise the Savior's name;
 The sound rings through the nation,
 And fans the sacred flame:
 Tell, tell, the hallowed story,
 To earth's remotest bound;
 Our famed ancestors' glory
 Is an inspiring sound.

The bright'ning streaks of morning,
 Proclaim the approaching day,
 Let tyrants take the warning,
 And cast their crowns away;
 For lo, the tree of freedom
 Has taken a deep root,
 And blessings, as we need them,
 From her fair branches shoot.

Then we will toast our sages,
 And sing of Washington;
 While to the end of ages,
 Their bright'ning names shall run;
 But chiefly we will praise Him,
 Who gave our nation birth;
 An anthem we will raise Him,
 Record it, heaven and earth!

A black man, called "Uncle Joe" by the children in the neighborhood, used to drive the carryall, night and morning, into and out of town; but the writer of this article, having missed him for some weeks, made inquiry what had become of "Uncle Joe," when he was informed that "Uncle Joe" was dead and buried! This occasion produced the following

STANZAS.

THE carryall comes with rumbling speed,
And children full of glee;
But in the field, nor on the road,
Nor down the lane is he!

It passes and repasses too;
They go so merrily;
But in the mead nor on the lawn,
Nor in the cot is he!

The carryall is empty now,
No more of Joe I see;—
What has become of that old man,
Who drove so merrily?

He *was* and *is*; but now is not;—
The fate of all you see;—
The white man must obey the call;—
Death call'd him secretly!

We *are to-day*;—to-morrow die;—
The call may come for me;
But O, push not that day from thought;—
For death may come for thee!

My children, think on old Joe's death,
Though in full health you be;
You cannot say when is the time,
The hearse may come for thee!

STANZAS,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MISS A. B*****R.

If youth could turn aside the shafts of death,
Or worth intrinsic blunt the fatal dart;
Angelica had still prolonged her breath,
To solace long her tender parent's heart!

But he that orders all things for the best,
Has called her from the evil yet to come;
'Tis well; she sooner gains her heavenly rest,
And earlier bears her sheaves rejoicing home.

Go young Angelica!—'Tis Jesus calls;
Go share the glory of the rising day;
For immortality shall be thy walls,—
A house impregnable to all decay!

Adieu;—thy mortal flesh in hope shall rest;
For angels watch the dark and clammy sod;
Until in beauty all immortal drest,
Thy soul and body both return to God.

STANZAS,

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. JOHN EMORY, D. D. Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who, it is supposed, was killed by being thrown from his barouche, December 16th, 1835.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "Know ye not, that a great man hath fallen in Israel to-day?"—*Bible*.

THE herald of Jesus is gone to his home,
 No more amid peril or error to roam;—
 The angel blew on him with violent breath;
 The flash of his eye is now darken'd in death!
 The sheen of his armor was splendid and bright,
 'Twas furbish'd and reeking from his recent fight;
 But low lies his sword, and his cheeks are all pale;
 The widows of Zion are loud in their wail.
 Here rests a great warrior!—How calm his repose!
 His generous toils ere the year have their close;
 He sleeps now in silence with that sacred band,
 Who spent their own lives for the good of the land.
 Though winter may lower awhile o'er his tomb,
 The warm winds shall bring the full spring in its bloom;
 The flowers of summer their branches shall wave
 O'er those hallowed sods, that grow green near his grave.
 He needs not the marble his deeds to proclaim;
 His hist'ry alone will emblazon his name;
 And high is the niche that he now occupies,
 Though no sculptur'd bronze o'er his dust should arise.
 His worth lives *within* us—we cherish the flame;
 Our objects, our feelings and views were the same;
 And though his sun set in a halo of blood,
 The winds were his chariots to bear him to God!

Or did he from earth and its turmoils retire,
As one did of old—in a chariot of fire?
Those steeds have now cleft the ethereal blue,
And, lo! they have borne him up far from our view.
Who catches his mantle, let him bind it fast,
And wear it around his own breast to the last;
Thus shall our Elishas smite Jordan's cold flood,
And, like him, pass over and dwell with his God!
Hail Em'ry! The harps of fair Salem shall ring,
And through the wide heavens their melodies sling;
On each passing breeze shall the harmony fly,
And notes all symphonious shall float through the sky!
The echoes of heaven the theme shall prolong,
And roll back the chorus in eternal song;
Glad angels shall greet thee, and hymns they shall sing,
And hail the rich trophies of heaven's bright King!
O man greatly honored! to earth unconfin'd;
Though thou hast left wife, friends, and children behind,
We part not forever;—by heaven's own light,
We see that bright morning when we shall unite!
Thy friends press to meet thee in raptures unknown,
And long shall they sing, shine, and shout round th' throne;
The praise of the whole shall to Jesus belong;
For he is the burden of ev'ry saint's song!
Rest then, my dear brother, until that bright day,
When Gabriel's loud trump shall give life to thy clay;
Then shalt thou immortal in vigor arise,
And meet all thy friends and thy God in the skies.
Repine not, 'reft widow and children;—resign
Thy husband and father to hands so divine;
The trump in the morning will bid him to rise,
And then thou shalt greet him with loving surprise.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

CONTRASTED.*

FLATUS, the good, the great, is dead;—

See, all the tears of sorrow shed;

Too much of him cannot be said—

He was a rich man!

Extol his virtues to the sky;

His memory lives—he cannot die;—

Say what you please you cannot lie!

He was a rich man!

The neighbors all will mingle tears,

With those of the surviving heirs;—

He's gone! he's gone beyond the spheres—

He was a rich man!

He was a kind and tender mate;

His social virtues too were great;

His neighbors can his merits state—

He was a rich man!

He dies lamented much by all;

Both high and low will mourn his fall;

In short, the man was all in all;—

He was a rich man!

* Composed after hearing a reverend gentleman preach a good poor man's funeral discourse, in which he did not introduce even the man's name!!

Our Savior says the rich man died,
With all his pageantry and pride;
And for him hell is open'd wide;—

The scale is turn'd—man!

He lifts his eyes in torments dire,
In that eternal world of fire,
And water vainly did require;

The scale is turn'd—man!

The man once rich is now so poor,
A drink alone he can't procure;
And peace and joy return no more;—

Pray for the rich—man!

DIGNUS is gone!—It matters not;—
Had he no virtue?—not a jot!—
He scarcely will excite a thought—

He was a poor man!

Dare not one word of him to say,
Lest you offend your fellow-clay;—
Go bear him on the bier away;—

He was a poor man!

He has no heirs to mourn his fall;
He was accounted nought by all,
Except the few we kinsfolk call—

He was a poor man!

If he had virtues, let them be;
They nothing were to you or me;—
He does not claim our sympathy;—

He was a poor man!

He dies unnotic'd and unknown;
 His head now rests beneath—no stone!
 There is the end—let him alone—

He was a poor man!

The beggar died—but see him rise
 On angel-wings above the skies;
 And there the Lord his wants supplies;

God bless'd the poor man!

On Abra'm's breast he leans his head,
 And feasts upon celestial bread;
 He lives! he lives! He is not dead!

God bless'd the poor man!

He is remov'd from ev'ry pain,
 And death is his eternal gain;
 With God he shall forever reign;

God bless'd the poor man!

DEATH MAKES NO DISTINCTION;

Or, the state of the pious poor man preferable to the condition of
 the impious rich man.

Some boast of their possessions great,
 And all the pomp and pride of state;
 But one thing's certain,—when I die,
 Few will possess much more than I.
 Confin'd to some cold, narrow spot,
 Six feet of earth will be my lot;
 While, it may be, just by my side,
 The rich man rots with all his pride!

With boards o'er our unconscious clay,
 As still as death our limbs shall lay,
 And wither in the silent grave,
 The common lot of saint and knave!
 While some the latter eulogize,
 And raise the villain to the skies;
 It may be—God alone can tell—
 Th' immortal spirit groans in hell!
 The saint unnoticed, turns to dust;
 For soon forgotten are the just;
 Yet he is register'd on high,
 And swells the archives of the sky!
 O there on my Redeemer's breast,
 May my immortal spirit rest;
 Or else beneath thy feet, dear Lamb,
 To sing the praises of thy name!

REASONS WHY I HATE THE DRUM AND FIFE.

I HATE the drum's hoarse rumbling sound,
 While men are must'ring round and round;
 It tells of kings in battle slain,
 Who ne'er shall wear the crown again;
 Of heroes drenched with purple gore,
 And legions that shall live no more;
 Of widow's tears, and orphan's groans,
 And dying men and falling thrones;
 Of burning towns and ravag'd plains,
 And mangled limbs, and wounded swains,
 Of souls without a shelter found,
 Welt'ring in blood, on the cold ground,
 Without a friend or partner near,
 To close their eyes, or shed a tear,

To soothe their agonizing bed,
Or raise their faint and sickly head;
If these are the effects of war,
Pray, what do men admire it for?
I hate the whistling of the fife;
It speaks the miseries of life;
It tells of cities that are razed,
And houses that have fiercely blazed;
Of wooden legs, and limping feet,
And a whole train of woes complete;
Of glitt'ring steel and furbish'd swords,
And crested kings, and haughty lords;
Of minions vile and tyrant's slaves,
And deep dug pits, instead of graves;
Of sufferings in all their forms,
And rotten carcasses and worms;
Of noisome stench and pestilence,
That hurries its ten thousands hence;
Of famine, and a thousand ills,
And surgeon's knives, and doctor's pills:
If these be the effects of war,
Pray, what do men admire it for?

EPITAPH ON A WEAVER.

HERE lies a weaver—He has left the *loom*,
To lie alone in this cold darksome tomb;
His *warping bars* are useless; for his *woof*
Against the mighty conqu'ror was not proof:
His *geers* are rotten, and his *treadles* still;
His *shuttles* all are thrown to their last *quill*:
The *web* of life's cut out by death's *sharp* hand,
So Grayham's gone to see some unknown land.

JUDGMENT.

SEE the starry heavens rending!
 See the Lord of life descending!
 Hark, the trump awakes the dead!
 See the saints of ev'ry nation,
 Rise with joyful acclamation,
 Hail Him their triumphant head!

It is Jesus! sinners, fear Him;
 'Tis your Savior! saints, draw near Him:
 See the prize He will bestow:—
 Joys, immortal, life eternal;
 Nor can all the pow'rs infernal,
 Drag your ransom'd souls to woe!

See the great white throne erected!
 He who was on earth rejected,
 Now, a second time descends:
 Rapid lightnings play before Him;
 Let the ransom'd all adore Him!
 Now the whole creation ends.

Lo, he manifests the Savior
 To the subjects of his favor;
 Come, ye blessed, (hear him say,)
 Lo! I come for your salvation;—
 Bid adieu to tribulation;—
 I will wipe your tears away.

Now they enter into glory;
Hear them tell the pleasing story
Of salvation in the Lord:
Hark! the blissful seats of heaven,
Loud resound with sins forgiven;
Hail, thou great incarnate word!

Hail! ye happy, happy spirits!
Life eternal each inherits:
Sound the praises of his name;
Sons of earth join in the chorus;
For the precious scenes before us,
Hallelujahs to the Lamb!

Join us all ye heav'nly powers;
For this blessed God is ours;—
Bid the tuneful anthem roll,
Still with prayer our praises blending,
Till his grace in streams descending,
Flows through ev'ry blood-bought soul!

For His love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and chrystal fountains,
Join the heart inspiring theme!
Hallelujah! saints adore Him;
Love Him; rev'rence, bow before Him;
Praise, all praise belongs to Him!

GO—READ THE BIBLE!

Go—read the Bible:—there we see
A portrait of the Deity,
Drawn by his own unerring hand,
So he that reads may understand.

And there, to our amaze, we find
The circle of th' Eternal Mind,
Enfolding and embracing all
His grand designs, ere Adam's fall!
But in Eternity's recess,
We are not fill'd with wonder less,
To see Jehovah, on his throne,
Live independent and alone;
Before his mighty plastic hand,
Had made the seas or form'd the land;
Or ere creative energy,
Had bade ten thousand systems be!
There we see heav'n, although so bright,
Dark with his own excessive light;
And angels from that glory driv'n
By flaming vengeance hurl'd from heav'n.
Go—read the Bible; there we see
The world as yet in infancy;
Nor bird, nor beast, nor plant is found,
Nor any man to till the ground.
All is a dry and barren land,
As naked as Arabia's sand;
The earth is void of pleasing green,
And nought but light adorns the scene.
He speaks:—the landscape now appears;
A smiling face creation wears;
Spring, summer, winter, and the fall,
Unite their various beauties all:
Still all is silent to the ear;
No humming insects flutter near;
When lo, the sea, the air, the earth,
All start as into second birth!

What songs burst from each verdant grove;
What hymns of praise! what tunes of love!
While earth abounds with crawling worms,
And life in all its thousand forms!
Go—read the Bible; there we see,
That man offended Deity;
And how, by his atrocious fall,
He brought a curse upon us all.
Go—read the Bible; there we see
A gracious, sacred mystery;—
A holy and incarnate God,
Allied to man—a living clod!
See there—a proof of love Divine—
He gave his life for yours and mine;
And then ascended up on high,
Where now he lives no more to die.
Then let us raise a holy song,
To him divinest strains belong,
To celebrate the God of love,
Who thus pours blessings from above.
O let me love my Bible more,
And feel its soul-transforming pow'r;
Till I am rais'd, by grace divine,
To count its holy triumphs mine!

Sic esto!

ON SEEING A YOUNG MAN DRESS'D IN WOMEN'S
CLOTHES.

How change both men and manners! the women *small-clothes* wear;
And men now wear the *petticoat*—to imitate the fair;
But as the fashions alter, times may, perhaps, so change,
That to next generation it will not seem so strange!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED ON THE FALL OF
THE LEAVES.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
On the ground they wither'd lie;
To each thoughtless mortal calling,
"You, alas! must shortly die.

But there is a fairer region,
Where the trees for ever bloom;
Honor, virtue, and religion,
Ne'er decline beyond the tomb.

There there is a year eternal,
Far more brilliant than the rose;
Blooming beauty, verdant, vernal,
Never, never shall it close.

There no frosts or chilling weather,
Shall the fruits or blossoms blight;
But near Jesu's breast together,
Flourish in unfading light.

Thus, O man! the spring returning,
Shall renew thy wasting bloom;
See the emblems of that morning,
When thy dust shall leave the tomb.

Then arise; put on thy beauty;
For that fadeless kingdom strive;
Love thy God and follow duty;
Thus the plants of Eden thrive.

All below is frail and fickle;
Old and young drop in the grave;
Soon the angels, with the sickle,
Will the mighty harvest save."

Then, O man, regard the warning;
Be Jehovah all your trust,
So in that important morning,
When you leave your bed of dust,—

Quicken'd by th' eternal spirit,
You shall to that Eden rise,
And with all the good inherit
Life eternal in the skies.

(Then the line of demarkation,
Will be by the Savior drawn;
Darkness, death, and desolation,
Meet the thoughtless—every one!

O be careful, lest thy station,
In that doleful place should be,
Where the light of his salvation,
Ne'er shall shed its beams on thee:

As the leaves now fall for ever,
Take heed lest thou, thus should'st fall,
If thou shouldest lose thy Savior,
Know, O man, thou lovest all!)

“LORD, IF IT BE THEE, BID ME COME TO THEE
ON THE WATER!”

THE foaming billows swell;
The waters loudly roar,
The tempest's dismal yell
Proclaims I'm far from shore;
Or soon shall on some rock be cast,
Where all my hopes shall sink at last.

O have I lost my guide,
Or am I near no bay,
That I so roughly ride,
On such a raging sea?
Reach out thine arm, O Lord, I cry;
Save, or I sink, I fail, I die!

Lord, if it should be thee,
Bid me walk on the wave;
Tell me to come to thee;
Thou still hast pow'r to save;
Then, though the billows should run high,
I cannot perish with thee nigh!

Alas, I have no skill;
Thou my good pilot art,
New-mould my stubborn will,
And subjugate my heart;
Thus when the storm shall highest rise,
I shall be nearest to the skies.

O for a heavenly gale,
To waft my vessel on;
Then will I spread all sail,
And hasten to be gone;
I long to reach a broader bay,
Where moor'd the ships of heaven lay.

But Lord, I shall be lost,
Unless Thou be my guide;
While cruising on life's coast,
O keep me near thy side;
And if I gain that peaceful shore,
I'll praise my pilot evermore!

A PRESENT PROSPECT OF FUTURE BLISS.

I SEE the crown afar,
It glitters through the sky;
Faith brings the promis'd kingdom near,
And all my murmurs die.
My soul is happy now,
And Jesus bids me come;
The victor's wreath shall clothe my brow;
For grace will bring me home!
What is far better still,
With Jesus I shall be,
Who, by His last, and dying will,
Bequeath'd this bliss to me!
With all my friends above,
I'll meet before His throne,
And shout the triumphs of His love,
While endless ages run.

REDEMPTION.

PRAISE ye the Lord, ye globes of light,
 That sparkle near His shining throne;
 And with your beams divinely bright,
 Proclaim the wonders He hath done.

'Twas He who formed your noble fires,
 And bade you in such order shine;
 In vain my ravish'd soul aspires,
 To strike a note that's more divine.

In vain?—my soul recall the word;
 Diviner strains I dare assume;
 I sing the vict'ries of the Lord,
 Who triumph'd o'er the teeming tomb!

Yes; He who formed those azure skies;
 And bade those massy planets roll,
 For man, His favorite creature dies,
 And thus rescues his fallen soul.

Jesus, the Father's only son,
 Left those fair scenes of bliss above;
 He suffer'd for the crimes we've done,
 That we might taste his Father's love.

When we had forfeited all right
 To thrones, and crowns, and joys on high,
 It then seem'd good in Jesu's sight,
 That God should give him up to die.

On Calvary's most tragic brow,
Behold thy God, thy Savior hang;
He bows his head—'tis finish'd now,
And nature owns his final pang!

But now a new and living way,
Is open'd to the realms above;
Be this my song: let morn's first ray,
And eve's departure sing His love.

Adore, my soul, adore the grace;
Go; spread thy wants and woes abroad;
However sad may be thy case,
'Twill gain redress from thy good God.

HEAVEN PERMANENT.

AN ECHO TO MOORE'S HEAVEN.

THIS life is but an empty show,
Though for good purpose given;
But in that world to which we go,
Our happiness no change shall know:
We call that country heaven.

Comforts decline and creatures die;
Our friends are from us riven;
But there's a brighter scene on high;
Thither we often lift an eye,
And wish and long for heaven!

Our highest pleasures soon will pall,
Or soon from us are riven;
All things are tott'ring to their fall;
Oblivion will entomb us all;
Nothing endures but heaven!

Heroes and kings contend for fame;
Their prospects all are riven;
They fade and die without a name;
For earthly glory is a flame
That dies—in sight of heaven!

Riches take wings—how soon they fly?
Honors are from us riven;
Soon as those phantoms strike the eye,
Their richest colors fade—they die,
And leave no hope but heaven!

Here we are worn by carking cares,
From point to point still driven;
But we will bid adieu to fears,
And live to everlasting years,
Secure with God in heaven.

Then let those scenes all roll away,
Earth, sea, and sky, be riven;
Let comets burn and lightnings play;
We hope to see that awful day,
And live with God in heaven.

The works of art shall all expire,
And nature's form be riven;
But in that universal fire,
Our souls shall join th' angelic choir,
And sing to God in heaven.

Though from the centre to the pole,
Created things are riven;
Though loud tremendous thunders roll,
Convulsions cannot shake the soul,
That lives with God in heaven.

Then come, Thou great deliv'rer, come;
For thou the word hast given;
This vale of tears is not my home;
O let my feet no longer roam,
But take me up to heaven!

WELCOME TO Mr. D. A*****G'S FAMILY
INTO THIS COUNTRY FROM IRELAND.

WELCOME to our peaceful land,
Thee I give my heart and hand;
Greet thee on thy passage here,
To thy friends and kindred dear.
Here, as brothers, we agree,
All are on equality;
Riches no distinction make;
We love men for merit's sake.
We abhor the pomp of kings;
Earls and dukes are useless things;
Discords wild, and jarrings cease;
For we all are "Friends of Peace."
Piety, benevolence,
Love of man and common sense,

Are the blessings we most prize;
We the narrow soul despise.
Welcome, emigrants, we say,
Welcome to, America;
Sit beneath our peaceful vine,
Drink our cheering, native wine.
No incendiary vile
Shall thy property despoil,
Burn thy mansion of repose,
For we feel a brother's woes.
Welcome with thy partner dear,
To the various comforts here;
Welcome to the asylum
Which affords th' oppress'd a home.
Welcome with thy family,
From the gripe of tyranny;
Welcome twice ten thousand more,
To our hospitable shore!
Here no hostile, servile band;
Dare oppress our happy land;
For we are republican,
And esteem the rights of man.
Heavens, bring the hour near,
When poor Erin shall appear,
Strong to deal the mighty blow,
That shall blast th' insulting foe!
Gracious Lord, we pray Thee, smile
On my father's native Isle;
Aid her in a righteous cause,
Free her from oppressive laws.
On a basis firm, may she
E'er maintain true liberty,
Till her banner, wide unfurl'd;
Waves in triumph through the world.

DEDICATION OF THE M. E. CHURCH, IN
S****G****D, H. C. VA.

HERE may the Great Jehovah dwell,
And make this house His own abode;
His love inspire our hearts, to tell
The boundless goodness of our God.

Since thou hast giv'n Thy people heart,
To fit for God a sacred house;
Do thou, O Lord, to them impart
A heart to render thee their vows.

Establish all thy children here,
Upon the apostolic plan;
May faith, benevolence sincere
By them be shown to God and man!

May love and unity abound,
And each in sentiment agree;
While all combine to shed around;
Religion's sacred mystery.

May crowds of souls disconsolate,
With willing steps thy courts attend,
And in thy gracious presence wait,
Till thou shalt show thyself their friend.

O let the sacred flame revive,
The fire of pure celestial love;
Wound, kill our souls, and make alive,
And comfort us, thou Holy Dove!

Let Jesu's name, as ointment, shed
Its heavenly fragrance through the place,
And those who now are cold and dead,
Feel the enlivening beams of grace.

Lord, quicken all our sluggish souls,
And point our minds, and lead the way,
To scenes where endless glory rolls,
To visions of eternal day.

Thus cheerfully we'll pass our days,
And fearless cross cold Jordan's flood;
Our business here be prayer, and praise
Our pleasure, till we see our God.

THE MELANCHOLY STATE OF A BACKSLIDER DESCRIBED.

PART I.

INTOXICATING joys of sense,
How dost thou wound the mind,
And with all nobler joys dispense,
To leave a sting behind!

When frantic revels fill the brain,
How dark is all within?
The immortal soul's the seat of pain,
Of restlessness and sin!

From senseless scene to scene we go,
And by impure desire,
Bring on ourselves a mass of woe,
And feed unhallowed fire.

Our lives, tho' stained with grossest sins,
Our eyes refuse to see;
We often draw in fairest lines,
Our foul idolatry.

We shut our ears against the voice
Of God and reason too,
With thousands make a foolish choice,
Nor once our way review.

We see ourselves through light divine,
But love the world so well,
We would not cast off one small sin,
To save our souls from hell.

PART II.

The thunders of Jehovah's pow'r
We hear, but disregard;
For though we hear, in that same hour,
We sin against the Lord!

If fearful judgments stalk around,
Our souls are so deprav'd,
We do not tremble at the sound,
Nor care if lost or saved!

With awfully gigantic stride,
We walk the paths to hell;
And though its gates are opened wide,
Cry out, "I hope all's well!"

If once we lift our hearts to God,
'Tis when afflictions press;
And oft we spread our hands abroad,
When under some distress.

But straightway we in sin go on,
With an increas'd delight,
And into greater mischiefs run,
And sin with all our might.

Who can describe the awful case
In which backsliders rest?
Immortal hatred to God's ways,
Reigns in the fallen breast.

PART III.

Such was my case, till grace divine,
Beam'd through my unclean cage;
I felt, I own'd the pow'r was thine,
That freed from Satan's rage.

Then let me celebrate thy praise,
With ev'ry fleeting breath,
Proclaim the mercy of thy ways,
And sing thy name in death.

Great God, be endless praise to thee,
By all the human race:
Thy goodness fills immensity,
And shines in ev'ry place.

Thy mercy is as deep as hell,
High as the heav'ns above;
Thy boundless pity none can tell;
For God is only love.

He's love; He's love; let every heart,
In this sweet strain engage;
To sing his love, be this my part,
Through all my pilgrimage!

But soon I hope to quit my clay,
And soar to worlds above,
And sing in an eternal lay,
"Jesus, my God, is love."

TIME.

TIME flies on swift, but silent wings;
How fast the moments roll!
They speak the most important things
To ev'ry careless soul:

"Down to the trackless, vast abyss,
Where days are known no more;
But clouds conceal from mortal eyes,
Those depths without a shore:"

"Thither the sons of men we bear,
With each succeeding breath;
And soon the stoutest may prepare
To meet the stroke of death."

Ye heedless souls, their voice regard;
'Tis heaven speaks to you;
Now bow before your gracious Lord,
And give him glory due.

'Tis he prolongs our guilty days,
And bids our moments run;
Else, to his name be all the praise,
Our souls had been undone.

THE JUDGMENT.

ERE long the trump of God shall sound,
 And bid the nations rise;
 Unnumbered millions under ground,
 Shall then ascend the skies.

The heav'ns shall bow and earth expire,
 The stars shall disappear;
 For God shall send a general fire;
 And ruin all things here.

The sun shall into darkness turn,
 Nor give his wonted light;
 The moon in bloody vestments mourn
 Her loss of paler light.

The hidden deeds of sin and shame
 Shall then be brought to view,
 And all the lovers of the Lamb,
 Be safe and happy too.

But O, what anguish and despair
 Shall seize the guilty breast,
 Deep-loaded with reproach and fear,
 And banish'd far from rest.

Far in those deeps where vengeance reigns.
 And fiery billows roar,
 He waits for everlasting pains,
 When time shall be no more!

AN EPISTLE TO M*****L J**N P****R.

REFLECTIONS AND ADVICE ON TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

WITH cautious eye the world regard,
 Nor murmur that your lot is hard;
 O never raise your hopes too high,
 Or build on aught beneath the sky.
 All is not fair that seems so pure;
 There's nothing here firm or secure;
 But oft when we expect delight,
 The gilded toy eludes our sight.
 For disappointments never grieve;
 We make them: shall we not receive?
 Why should we be so mortified
 By our own folly, or our pride?
 Our passions too, inflict a sore,
 An evil we can scarce endure;
 Pride, folly, passion, all combine
 To prove we need the aid divine.
 Man was not made to order all,
 Or make the winds obey his call;
 Although he has a spacious soul,
 Yet grace must rectify the whole,
 Or sad disorder will ensue,
 And we shall lose our proper clue;
 And, what is not a little thing,
 Passion and pride inflict their sting.
 We never should be much elate,
 With any prospect of our state;

For this will give a sharper pang,
To hearts that on the creature hang.
Trust not to friends, though all may smile;
These may allure you for awhile;
Beneath those smiles a heart may lie,
That braves the sweetest, tend'rest tie!
Trust not professions; these are vain,
And only give more pungent pain;
Men's fairest words and warmest vows,
Will only deeper pangs arouse:
Professions, friends, and smiles will fly
Whene'er a threat'ning storm is nigh;
They seek a cloudless atmosphere,
And chiefly love to revel there!
Remember this is but a state
That never *is*, but *would* be great;
Hence, there is a perpetual strife,
Between a high and humble life.
Would you ascend? Then have due care
You are not drawn into a snare;
For Vice can never bear to see,
A man as great as she would be.
A middle state is far the best
For those who would enjoy true rest;
For wealth is fraught with cank'ring care,
And often leads to fell despair.
The stem, from whence our comforts shoot,
Conceals a worm beneath its root;
And riches are an airy thing,
That seem forever on the wing.
This world is but a boist'rous sea,
Where many would your pilot be;

But never trust to more than *one*,
And let that one be God alone.
In times when difficulties rise,
When you can see no shore, no skies;
No trouble can your soul o'erwhelm,
If God should but conduct the helm.
Never distrust his guardian care;
He is a helper ever near:
Draw in your canvas from the gale,
And then you may in safety sail.
No anxious thoughts retain: be still,
And wait the issue of his will;
He will provide:—He wants no friend,
Who on his succor doth depend.
That God who gave to men their birth,
Whose broad eye covers all the earth,
Will all his erring creatures feed,
And he knows best the things we need.
'Twas He who form'd us in the womb,
And he will guide us to the tomb;
Then, rather than distrust his care,
Let us an Ebenezer rear.
He may not give us all we would;
He sees it is not for our good;
Perhaps the gift we might abuse,
Or put it to improper use;
Enhance our guilt, and find at length,
Like Samson, we are shorn of strength:
Besides, we might more proud become,
And thus, forever, fix our doom!
If all our hairs, which are so small,
Are, through his goodness, number'd all,

Who then can doubt but what *we* are
The objects of his special care?
If the young ravens, when they cry,
Find from his hand a rich supply,
Shall not his moral image find
Him lib'ral, bounteous, and kind?
When you were but a little boy,
Did Ma forget her prattling joy?
Did she forget she had a child,
Although eccentric and wild?
No—neither will the God above,
Forget the objects of his love:
Sooner shall yon vast sea go dry,
And sun and moon forsake the sky!

THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY VARIOUS SIMILES.

THE moment is here, and the arrow has flown;
The day disappears and the shuttle is thrown;
The grass is all wither'd and dead at the root;
The plant that once budded is nipp'd in the shoot;
The dew that once glitter'd has vanish'd away;
The night has departed and clos'd is the day;
The dream now has ended;—the vision has fled;
The stock that once flourish'd is prostrate and dead;
The leaves clothed with verdure have now become brown;
The whirlwind has pass'd—it has shaken them down;
The rain is all over;—the floods have pass'd by;
The clouds have dispers'd and the ground has grown dry;

The lily has faded that was in full bloom;
The blossom so lovely now gives no perfume;
The rainbow is gone and its colors have fled;
The tulip has dropp'd and the marigold's dead;
The roses' bright hues have all left the parterre;
The flowers have perish'd that once flourish'd there;
The nut has grown ripe and is gone to the ground;
The hulls now are scatter'd and lie all around;
The corn is matur'd and is laid up in store;
The fruits are all cover'd—you see them no more:—
Such, such is man's life, that soon passes away;—
A moment—an arrow—a shuttle—a day—
A grass that soon withers and dies at the root—
A plant that is nipp'd by the frost in its shoot—
A dew that exhales with the rays of the sun—
A night that's departed—the twilight that's gone—
A dream that is ended, a vision just fled—
A stalk that once flourish'd—a stalk that is dead—
A leaf in its verdure—a leaf become brown—
A whirlwind that pass'd it has shaken it down—
A rain that descended—a flood that pass'd by—
A cloud that is gone, and a ground that's grown dry—
A rainbow, whose colors have faded away—
A tulip that droops—or a marigold gay—
A lily now faded, though once in its bloom—
A blossom that gives not its wonted perfume—
A rose that has lost all its beauteous hues—
A flower now perish'd by cold morning dews—
A nut that is fallen and laid on the ground—
As hulls that are scattered in parcels around—
A corn that is gather'd and laid up in store—
A fruit that is cover'd—you see it no more!

STANZAS.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF MRS. M'C*Y.

WAKE creation's harmonies, and tune each living chord,
 Sing endless hallelujahs to our redeeming Lord;
 A sister in our Zion has made a safe retreat,
 To worship with the thousands who fall at Jesu's feet!
 Through suff'rings, like her Master, her soul was perfect made,

And though we weep sincerely, we mourn her not as dead;

For though her mortal body is to the grave consign'd,
 Her pure and happy spirit has left all sin behind!
 How splendid was her triumph the day before she died?
 She seem'd to view the portals of heaven open'd wide;
 Hence, in a holy rapture, she long'd to take her flight,
 Up to the pearly city of everlasting light.

Could I have been a witness of her abounding joy,
 It would have been a pleasure (to me,) without alloy;
 But as it has so happen'd I did not see that sight,
 I'll hasten on to meet her in that pure world of light.
 Though in yon lonely grave-yard her last remains are laid,

It cheers me in reflecting that Mary is not dead;
 She lives, and lives forever in that bright world above,
 And views her Lord and Savior, whom here her soul did love.

My pious friends and brethren, who saw her gasp for breath,
 And witness'd her great triumph o'er pale and ghastly death,

Let us press on to glory; for though she's gone before,
How gladly will she hail us on that eternal shore!
Hail, thou immortal spirit, thou hast the rest obtain'd;
Thou hast receiv'd a kingdom—its glory thou hast gain'd;
A crown of fadeless splendor—thy temples shall adorn;
I hope to greet thy spirit on that last happy morn!
Till then adieu, dear Mary, in sacred slumber rest;
Soft be the winds that murmur o'er thy turf-cover'd
breast,

Angels shall gently wake thee on that decisive day,
And whisper—"Rise to glory; my sister, come away!"
Now to the great Jehovah be everlasting praise,
Who favor'd our dear sister with tokens of his grace;
Let us, as she, improve them; so when we fail and die,
We shall at last be gather'd to reign with God on high.

CHRISTMAS.

On this auspicious, blessed morn,
A babe in Bethlehem was born,
In poor and humble habit clad,
And meanly in a manger laid.
The wise men saw the Eastern Star,
And came to worship from afar;
They brought their gifts to his retreat,
And humbly worship'd at his feet.
The shepherds saw the heav'nly light,
That shone around in depth of night,
And angels heard with joy proclaim,
"A Savior's born in Bethlehem.
Fear not; Messiah now is born,
To suffer shame, reproach, and scorn;

Go; hail his birth with glad acclaim;
For Jesus is the infant's name!
Jesus is born that man may live,
And endless life through him receive;
Good will from heaven to men! and peace
Now reign on earth and never cease."
Jesus has laid his glory by,
And lives with men on earth to die;
Then raise your highest, noblest songs,
And praise him with immortal tongues.

Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.—*Proverbs* vii, 27.

CEASE, pleasure! trouble me no more;
Go, haunt the busy brains of men,
Who, though arrived to their three-score,
Can count, with joy, ill-gotten gain!

Sensual delights and shining toys,
Can't ease the tortures of the mind;
For they afford but transient joys,
And always leave a sting behind!

They plant with thorns a dying bed,
And fill the soul with keenest throes,
With secret horror—inward dread—
The harbinger of endless woes!

Alluring and deceitful bliss,
Too oft are men led off by thee;
But, ah, they find thy sweetest kiss
Attended with great agony.

Though wanton minds may strive to paint
Thee queen of all inferior joys,
And fondly wish that no restraint,
Were laid on what so much they prize;

Yet O, the end, the dreadful end,
That waits the wanton soul below;
For every step she takes, doth tend
To unconceiv'd, eternal woe!

Then learn, my feet, to shun the way
That leads to her defiled abode;
Let not thine eyes tempt thee to stray,
Nor walk her God-dishon'ring road.

LINES.

ON M. STARK, a dignified Divine of Augsburg, Germany, asserting that *ten* black spots were discernible on the sun in the years 1816 and 1817.

ASTRONOMERS have grown quite wise,
And through their telescopic eyes,
What wonders they descry;
Ten spots, large as a piece of eight,
Some confidently now relate,
Have black'd the sun's bright eye!

Though I'm no great astronomer,
My own opinion I prefer,
And think good Monsieur Stark,
Has soar'd so long among the stars,
That, from the fact, it now appears,
He sees best in the dark!

Look down ye planets, from the skies,
And thou, *Sol*, gaze with thy *ten eyes*,*
On this profound Divine;
Now speak, I pray you, if ye can,
And tell me if this learned man
Is not a son of thine?

If so, O take him up again,
And let him in your orbs remain,
Your wonders to explore;
So when he visits us again,
He shall renew his former strain,
And tell us *ten times* more!

THE SUPERIOR EXCELLENCE OF THE BIBLE.

WHEN COMPARED WITH THE WORKS OF MAN.

In ev'ry Bible-page we trace,
The lustre of Jehovah's face;
How pure its precepts! how divine!
The Godhead in its op'nings shine.
Demosthenes and Cicero,
In language fall far, far below
Its simple, unaffected strain;
Yet how sublime and grand its chain!
A Milton and a Homer yield,
When it is brought upon the field;
Isaiah and Habakkuk's strain,
Make their most labor'd efforts vain!

*Those ten black spots in the sun.

Euripides and Otway too,
 Compar'd with it, shrink from the view;
 Though we their tenderness admire,
 They cannot equal David's fire:
 Or let good Jeremiah sing,
 And mourn the case of Israel's king;
 Heart-touching pathos then is felt,
 And all our souls in sorrow melt.
 Its doctrines elevate the soul,
 The prevalence of crime control,
 And mis'ry bows beneath the sway
 Of wide-diffus'd millennial day!
 Its Moses and its Paul look down,
 As from the heights of heaven's throne,
 Upon the Koran (grov'ling work!)
 And pour contempt upon the Turk.*
 The system of Confucius too,
 Is mean and trifling to the view;
 His wretched fabric melts away,
 Before the blaze of Gospel day.

 LINES.

On hearing a sceptic say "It would be better for the people if the
 Bible had been destroyed "

DESTROY the Bible! bid the sun
 No more his daily circuit run;
 Darkness would then resume her seat;—
 No light would guide the Christian's feet!

*Mahomet.

Dark guilt and wretchedness again,
 Would cower here with all their train;
 While Nature would give signs of woe,
 And spread dismay through all below!
 Destroy my Bible! you destroy
 The rich man's hope, the poor man's joy;
 Consign them both to endless doubt,
 And strike their future prospects out!
 Destroy the Book! unpeople heav'n!
 Deprive us of our sins forgiv'n!
 And where our mortal bodies lie,
 THERE bury HOPE—and let her die!
 Restore the monster, death, his sting,
 And, what is not a little thing,
 Consign us to eternal sleep,
 Or woes unfathomably deep!
 Destroy the Bible!—what is worse,—
 You make my life the greatest curse,
 And bury, in one common grave,
 The fairest views a man can have!

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 5th, 1821.

HERE lies a *sturdy Vulcan*, who blew a *noble blast*;
 He *blew the bellows* often; he now has *blown his last*;
 He was a *merry fellow*, and lov'd a *sparkling bowl*;
Confusion to his *enemies*—but *quiet* to his *soul*!
 His *hammer* now is *silent*; his *anvil* gives no *sound*,
 No more he'll drink his *bumper*, or send *the glass around*;
 His *smith-work* is completed; his business *finish'd too*;
 Let brother *smiths* come forward and take a long adieu.

LINES.

On the sudden death of Mrs. C****, of C**b**r**'d, Md.

WHAT solemn sound invades my ear?
 It is the tolling bell I hear;
 It speaks a mortal's sudden leap,
 Into that vast and boundless deep!
 How quickly did the summons come!
 How swift her passage to the tomb!
 How soon was broken life's frail thread!
 How soon she's number'd with the dead!
 Thus mortal after mortal dies,
 And leaves us all in deep surprize;
 We pause—and then their steps pursue,
 Forgetting we must follow too.
 O what shall rouse the careless mind,
 To leave all earthly cares behind?
 To build our hopes above the sky,
 And while we live, prepare to die!
 May we obey the solemn call;
 It has a voice to one and all;
 It bids our trembling spirits flee,
 And seek a refuge, Lord, in Thee!
 O help us now to hear thy word,
 And follow on to know the Lord:
 Thus we shall in thine image share,
 And for a future state prepare.
 Great God! the grace, the pow'r is thine;
 Do thou our stubborn hearts incline

To yield obedience to thy word,
And with due rev'rence serve the Lord.
Then when the knell invades our ear,
Our hearts will never yield to fear;
It will a joyful message be,
That bids us live, O Lord, with Thee!

TO GENERAL A. JACKSON.

On his way to Washington, about to take his seat as Chief Magistrate of the Union.

PEACE to the warrior and the sage,
Whose glory gilds Columbia's page;
Whose prowess hurl'd the bolts of war,
And smote the vassals from afar:
His arm has laid the aliens low,
And crush'd their phalanx at a blow:
All hail—the people's will and choice;
We in thy great deserts rejoice:
Go—with thy happy household—go;
May blessings strew thy way below;
We will hail the jubilee;—
Jackson lives!—We shall be free!
There civic honors round thee wait,
And all the pomp and form of state,—
The splendid hall,—the stately dome,—
The lustre of thy country's home,—
The grateful heart.—the friendly hand,—
The riches of thy native land,—

The aged matron's gen'rous tear,
Emitted from an eye sincere:
Go—with thy happy household—go;
May blessings strew thy way below;
We will hail the jubilee;—
Jackson lives!—We shall be free!

(Sic esto!)

TO C. M. TH**RE.

On hearing she had embraced the Swedenborgian system.

DEAR Caroline!—Where is thy lyre?
And is it on the willow hung?
Have Swedenborgers damp'd thy fire,
And drowned the music of thy tongue?

Has error taught thy flowing song,
To turn her strains another way?
In doubtful mazes led along,
How vainly shall thy minstrels play!

But I will weep some tears for thee;
I'll strew my sorrows in thy road;
My sister!—no—it cannot be
That thou hast yet forsaken God!

Shall she who taught the giddy youth,
To shun the painful, wiley maze,
Be led so far from gospel-truth,—
So far estranged from Jesu's ways?

No; come, my wandering sister, come;
My heart is pain'd—it feels for thee;
In Jesu's breast there still is room,
For every prodigal and—me!

The Spirit and the Bride say, “Come;”
And “Come,” with all my heart, I cry;
Return, my wand'ring sister, home;
O come and find His mercy's nigh!

I will not—cannot give thee o'er;
No; thou shalt seek the fold again;
My soul shall be refresh'd once more,
By stanzas from thy glowing pen!

My sister thou, by dearest ties;
My sister through a Savior's name;
Born from above—wing'd for the skies,
With thee I hope to praise the Lamb!

And shall this anxious wish be vain?
Forbid it, Holy Trinity!
Let Caroline renew her strain,
And love unite her, Lord, to thee!

Then shall she raise her tuneful voice,
And emulate the angel-choir;
While it shall be my happy choice,
To light *my* taper at *her* fire.

Then we, in unison, shall sing
The triumphs of Immanuel's name;
To him our humble trophies bring,
And shout “Salvation to the Lamb!”

But if thou stubborn shalt remain,
I'll fall at Jesu's feet and pray,
That grace may wash thy foulest stain,
And take thy broadest blot away.

A TRAGICAL TALE. Luke xvi.

My tale is affecting, and tragic, and true;—
Come, hear with attention; for it concerns *you*;
The fact is appalling, and reaches to all,
The rich, and the poor, and the great, and the small.

That it is a genuine, authentic record,
Is fully confirm'd by our Savior and Lord;
It treats of a rich man who died very poor;
For he lost, *forever*, his whole worldly store!

It seems God had prosper'd his pilgrimage here,
And he, perhaps, boasted his thousands a year;
His clothing was costly—of the Tyrian dye,—
The richest the country could then well supply.

Fine linen and purple he wore, we are told,
Was richly adorn'd with both silver and gold;
His tables were spread with fine viands and fruit,
And ev'ry thing nice that the palate might suit.

His fare was most sumptuous, our Savior declares;
But he had to die and leave all to his heirs;
But with so much feasting his prayers were forgot;—
The Prophets and Moses—of these he ne'er thought!

While he was thus careless, by Jesus 'tis said,
A poor helpless beggar was at his gate laid;
The beggar desir'd to have a supply
Of this rich man's offals, that daily pass'd by.

That these were denied him we cannot be sure;
For on this sad subject our Lord says no more;
We cannot say whether he got food or not;
For ulcers confin'd him, we know, to the spot.

His pittance was scanty—of this we are sure;
He only desir'd the crumbs and no more;
For he could not walk, and therefore, it is said,
This poor helpless creature was at his gate laid!

The rich man pass'd by him, no doubt, ev'ry day;
For some had thus laid this poor man in his way;
But this haughty lordling pass'd Lazarus by,
And on the poor beggar he cast not an eye!

But though this poor creature was so much distress'd,
That he had no pallet on which he might rest;
Though he was neglected by great and by small,
The dogs in compassion attended his call.

They sooth'd his afflictions—though they could not cure,
They fondled upon him—and they lick'd his sore;
Dogs were his physicians—no help could he have;
Disease and misfortunes brought him to the grave.

But how the scene chang'd when poor Lazarus died;
Though men may neglect us, the Lord will provide;
He sends the good angels to bring him away,
To Abraham's bosom, where all the saints lay.

The beggar was ready—and closed was the scene;
He goes to a climate all fair and serene;
He joins with the thousands that went long before,
And swells the high triumphs on that happy shore.

He sets down with Abra'm, our Savior has said,
And now he is feasting on heavenly bread;
No sickness, no sorrow his mind shall molest,
And he dwells forever near Jesu's breast.

The rich man was dwelling still careless below;
He thought not that Laz'rus had 'scaped from all woe;
And while he was planning to increase his store,
He suddenly died and was heard of no more!

Death call'd for the rich man, in spite of his pride;
For Jesus informs us that he also died;—
He slept off his life-time, and, to his surprize,
In hell, we are told, that he lifted his eyes!

How chang'd his condition!—he feels he is poor,
And nothing is left him of all his vast store;
But O! he sees Laz'rus in regions above;—
In Abraham's bosom he's feasting on love!

And now, for the first time, we read that he prays;—
Attend his petition, and mark what he says:—
“I'm dry, Father Abra'm; send Laz'rus to me;—
A small drop of water—I'm in misery!

“Let Lazarus the tip of his finger apply,
To some of those waters that flow sweetly by;
Those rivers of pleasure would soon quench my thirst;
O let not my spirit be so much accurs'd!

"I used to see Laz'rus, but *'took him not in;*'
I sensibly feel this a part of my sin;
Bent still on increasing my substance below,
I let all my mercies unheededly go!

"Still planning and dreaming of bliss yet to come,
Death suddenly call'd me;—and is this my home?
I left in confusion my concerns below,
And now I'm engulph'd in this region of woe!

"Send Lazarus quickly—some water I crave;
My state is more wretched than the meanest slave;
My pain is exquisite—I'm 'tortur'd in flame;
My wretched condition your pity will claim.

"The favor's a small one!—A drop I implore;—
What sticks to the tip of the finger—no more!
O send Laz'rus quickly—he *will* come, I know,
When he is appriz'd I am tormented so!"

But what does this rich man receive for reply,
In this sad condition,—his extremity?
He calls Abra'm *father*, and claims a near kin;
But this does not help the sad plight he is in!

"My son," says good Abra'm, "Remember below,
That you receiv'd good things; but Laz'rus not so;
You had of the world all the joys it could give;
There's nothing hereafter for you to receive!

"No—nothing but cursing, and sorrow, and pain;
Not the least enjoyment can you e'er obtain;
Now Laz'rus is happy;—but not so with you;—
For you are tormented; 'tis justly your due!

“Besides, there’s a gulph fix’d between us you see,
Nor can Laz’rus pass from this region to thee;
Nor can you pass over the chasm between,
So ‘world without end’ must now close the sad scene!”

“Then if I must suffer,” the rich man replied,
“Send one from the dead—I’ve five brethren beside;
Go, tell them I’m suff’ring in this awful place,
While they yet have power to better their case!”

“While I had a mansion in yon world below,
We feasted together, and mock’d at this woe;
If one will apprise them I’m in this bad place,
Undoubtedly they will attend to their case!”

“If they hear not Moses,” good Abra’m replied,
“And all of those prophets God sent them beside;
They will not believe one though from the dead sent,
Nor would they their sceptical conduct repent.”

“O no,” said the rich man, “if you would but send,
And tell them the state of their former old friend,
By one of those persons, whom living they knew,
’Tis morally certain for mercy they’d sue!”

“My case is so hopeless, I’m sure they would fly;
I want not their comp’ny, since here I must die;
O send one and warn them by heaven and hell,
And by all those torments in which I must dwell!”

“There is no redemption,” said Abra’m, “beneath;
For all there is darkness and eternal death;
There is no probation—the term ends below;
Beyond all is pain and sharp twinges of woe!”

“Your friends’ dooms are certain, should they still proceed;
But now they have ev’ry advantage they need;
If they reject Moses and others beside,
All means would be useless, however applied.”

So ends this sad talk between Abra’m and one
Who still had neglected God under the sun;
His wealth so engross’d all his powers of mind,
That for things eternal no room could he find!

A hell and a heaven will shortly contain
The present whole bulk of the children of men;
For here father Abra’m has drawn out the line
That fixes each station—the beggar’s and mine!

We have some advantage of *Dives*, you know;
We’ve Moses, the prophets, apostles also;
But, what is far better, Christ Jesus the Lord,
Has, for our instruction, left this on record.

If this thoughtless rich man found so hot a hell,
What will be the portion of those—who can tell?
Who have revelation—God’s own standing will,
With grace all-sufficient their vows to fulfil?

Wake, wake from your slumber, ye rich and ye poor;
The judge, you remember, now stands at the door;
Ensure your election; and so when you die,
Bright angels shall take you to glory on high!

LINES.

On visiting the house of the Rev. J**n J. J*c*b.

JUST on the verge of life I see

A faithful soldier of the cross;

A bishop in the ministry,

And able in his Master's cause.

In yon sequester'd, hallow'd spot,—

His name into oblivion hurl'd,

By those who have too soon forgot

His efforts to reform the world,—

He lives with a selected one;—

An object suited to his mind;

And there in peace they live alone;

A better mate no man could find!

How studious she is to please!

How carefully she waits his word!

And moves with cheerfulness and ease,

T' obey, as one who fears the Lord!

Before their door a little rill,

From yonder mountains, winds its way;

On either side is seen a hill,

That intercepts the op'ning day.

'Twas in this small romantic glen,

I pass'd the day and all the night,

And read and talk'd of books and men,

And all I saw gave me delight.

I shook the old man by the hand,
A tear then quiver'd in my eye;
I made my way to Cumberland,
And said—"The old man soon will die!"

"Then Susan will be left alone,
And many sorrows she must see;
But may God's righteous will be done;
His death would be a grief to me!

"But, be this as it may, the loss
Of such a man is felt much more,
Than all those things so full of dross,
That walk Columbia's happy shore!

"In peace may they both end their days;
In peace may they resign their breath;
To Jesu's name be all the praise,
I hope to meet them after death!"

ON AGE.

IN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

How dark and unlovely is age!
'Tis like the moon's glimmering light,
When shining through fragments of clouds,
The mist on the hills says—"Tis night!"

The storm of the north's on the plain;—
The traveller shrinks from the blast;
His journey will soon end, and then
He cries—"Ah! the morn's come at last!"

THE CHRISTIAN'S REJOICING.

ARISE my soul, arise,
 And to the Savior sing;
 Thy home is in the skies,
 And Jesus is thy King;
 With Him I hope a crown to wear,
 And revel in His glory there.

Beyond those rolling spheres,
 Beyond the planets' flight,
 To everlasting years,
 I'll triumph in his sight;
 And join that animated strain,
 "All hail the Lamb for sinners slain!"

When heaven's host decay,
 And sink in endless night;
 When sun shall fade away,
 Nor moon nor stars give light,
 I hope to sing, and shout, and shine,
 And play upon a harp divine!

The music of those strains,
 Shall charm the holy choir;
 And, long as Jesus reigns,
 Shall life and joy inspire:
 The burden of our song shall be,
 "Worthy the Lamb who died for me!"

Then let me now begin
 To learn that song below,
 And trampling down all sin,
 To greater conquests go;
 Till freed from earth and sin, I rise
 To claim a mansion in the skies.

Jesus, my friend on high,
 My advocate above,
 Help me to live and die
 The subject of thy love;
 And with my last, my parting breath,
 Proclaim Thy faithfulness in death.

A FABLE.

THE RAT AND THE MOUSE;

Or small things often the occasion of matrimonial strife. Addressed
 to Mrs. L***a H**k*ns***b, on her late marriage.

A MARRIED couple, it appears,
 (To tell a tale of former years,)
 For forty years had lived in peace,
 With all the joys of wedded bliss:
 But one day when engaged in chat,
 They talk'd of this and then of that,
 Condemning matrimonial strife,
 In those who lead a wrangling life,
 The old man turn'd aside his eyes,
 And, lo, he saw with some surprise,
 As he believed, a large house rat,
 And said, "Good woman, look at that!"

"If rats our house should so infest,
I fear we shall have little rest.
Did you not see that paltry rat,
Nearly as large as half-grown cat?
Behind the cupboard now it lies"—

"Poh!" cried the wife, you have bad eyes;
It was a *Mouse*—I saw it too,

As it was running, well as you!"

"Did you e'er hear the like of that,"

Rejoin'd the husband, "'twas a rat!

I ey'd the rogue—pray, don't I know,

Mice never to such stature grow!"

The wife replied—"Pray, let it rest;

It was a *Mouse*, I do protest!"

The old man in a passion flew;—

"Was ever wife so base as you?

Think you, I do not know a rat,

That you would contradict me flat?"

The wife resolv'd still to maintain

A thing she saw so very plain,

By protestations and by vows,

Affirm'd again—"It was a *Mouse*!"

This added fuel to the fire,

The old man's anger grew the higher;—

His mettle's up! he will not yield;

Th' old lady too would keep the field;

So that so high the contest rose,

The matter almost came to blows!

At length to bring things to the test,

They thought to part it would be best!

But, tired of a lonely life,

The old man would recal his wife;

So went and smoothed the matter o'er,
So both grew pleasant as before.
But when he thought all was forgot,
And old affairs would matter not;
"Pity," said he, "we had such strife,
And discompos'd our peaceful life;"
"But," speaking to his wife, he said,
"You were too fast, dear wife, indeed;
The thing I saw *was* a large rat"—
"'Tis false! I contradict you flat,"
Rejoin'd the wife—"It *was* a Mouse,
As sure as we are in the house!"
The matter now reviv'd again,
Gave to the parties so much pain,
They mutually resolv'd to part,
Though forty years both of one heart!
You'll say—It was a trifling thing,
"That did to both such mischief bring;"
Admitted: but those trifles swell—
How large is not for me to tell!
Would you be happy? then avoid
The rock that thousands has destroy'd:
In smaller matters always yield,
And let your husband keep the field.
Is anger apt in him to rise?
Then take your aged friend's advice;
Speak pleasant if you speak at all,
And very soon his wrath will fall;
For grievous words will stir up strife,
And give you an unhappy life.
If he gets angry—be you mild;
Two madmen act amazing wild!

If he has *reason*, he'll grow cool;
For anger rests but with a fool.

The fable of the Rat and Mouse,
Shows many things about a house,
May be the cause of no small strife,
And much embitter wedded life.

LINES.

On the phenomenon which made its appearance on Tuesday night,
November 12th, P. M., and November 13th, A. M., 1833, and
caused considerable alarm among the whites and the colored at
H. P. and elsewhere.

THE night was quite clear and the firmament bright,
The sky became flush'd with the spirits of night;
As armies they drew up in pompous parade;—
They held their encampment just over my head:—

La! what is the matter?

My teeth fairly chatter;

Dear, dear, I'm afraid that some evil is sped!

In angry commotion they gather on high,
As swift as an arrow in volleys they fly;
They make for the east, for the north, south, and west,
And this way and that, or wherever seems best;

La! what is the matter?

My teeth fairly chatter;

If they fall on my noddle they'll put me to rest!

Dick, run and wake Thomas, to see the great sight;
 The spirits are now all engaged in fierce fight;
 Their broad glaring jav'lines are over us hurl'd;
 The flash of their weapons gives light to the world:

La! what is the matter?

My teeth fairly chatter!

The spirits of night have their banners unfurl'd.

"O mother," says William, "see how it snows fire!"

"Well now!"—"If it don't, you may call me a liar!"

"Lord bless me!" says Dinah, "de judgment is come;"

"You *knows* nottin' about it," says Cuffy, "*Fum! fum!*"

La! what *be de* matter?

My *teef* fairly chatter!

Go, *Pompey*, and bring *you old daddy de rum!*"

But, painful to tell, all the spirits of night,
 Exhausted their weapons before the day-light;
 Their powder took fire, or wasted in air;—
 You can't see a trace that they ever met there!

There is nothing the matter;

Yet still my teeth chatter!

War! pest'lence, and famine! to meet them prepare!

Give no heed to fables—'tis old women's stuff;
 Just keep a good conscience, and that is enough;
 You then may sleep soundly, and should you not rise,
 May outshine those meteors beyond these low skies;

There no tempests shall patter,

That mortal things shatter;

But glory on glory illumine your eyes.

TO A NEWLY MARRIED PAIR.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. N*N*Y D*V*LL.

As two drops together meet,
 And in meeting make but one;
 So may you, in bliss complete,
 Through life's doubtful mazes run!

Jars, the bane of married life,
 From your fireside remove;
 At a distance keep all strife,
 Women should obey and love!

Love is the cement of bliss;
 All besides must go for nought;
 Nought on earth can equal this;
 This alone, surpasses thought.

But its opposite is hate,
 And all love it must expel;
 They who feel it, soon or late,
 Find that hatred is a hell!

Yield your judgment to the man;
 'Tis the sure and safest way;
 This is the most proper plan,
 Though some simple women stray.

Bend your will his views to meet;
 This will soon beget true love,
 When he sees that wisdom sweet,
 Mixes with the harmless dove.

Thus serenely pass your days,
Looking wholly to the Lord;
Beg Him to direct your ways,
And to guide you by his word.

Then when all your toils expire,
You the haven shall obtain;
And with the Eternal Sire,
In his boundless glory reign!

The following page shall be sacred to the memory of the Rev'd John J. Jacob, a local minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His stanzas are now published for the first time, though composed and sung on a day of general Thanksgiving for the return of peace, April 13th, 1815.

FOR THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING, Ap. 13, 1815.

THE voice of peace afar resounds,
All nature smiles—each heart rebounds!
No more the martial cannons roar,
The din of war is heard no more!
Now peace expands her dove-like wings;
With heartfelt joy the nation sings,
To God be all the glory giv'n;
For peace on earth is joy in heav'n!
No more the warlike trumpet sounds—
Nor human blood pollutes our grounds;
The tender virgins cease to sigh,
And war-made widows no more cry.
Marauders give their plund'ring o'er;
The hostile fleet forsakes our shore;

The peasant too in safety sleeps;
A nation now no longer weeps.
Ah, lovely peace! thy presence yields
More fragrance than Arabia's fields;
Thy perfume far exceeds those flow'rs,
That decorate the richest bow'rs.
All hail, sweet Peace! Thou heaven-born!
Thou blooming rose without a thorn;—
White, lily-robed, without a stain;
Carnage avoids thy smiling train.
Now wide-spread desolations cease;
For Jesus reigns,—the Prince of Peace;
The conflict's past, and hell gives way;
All hail! roll on, thou gospel day!
“Praise God from whom all blessings flow—
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” J. J. J.

EPITAPH—ON A MAN NAMED LITTLE.

Here lies Little, who never was great—
Here lies Little, in church and in state—
Here lies Little, who would, if he could—
But so it has happen'd, he did little good—
For he was *but* little wherever he went—
And Little at last to the grave he was sent—
Peace be to this Little wherever he be—
He was little to you, and—he's far less to me!

WORKS OF GENIUS, NEW INVENTIONS,
PATENTS, &c.

Or, The public imposed on by different pretensions.

PRAY tell me, what's the matter now?

"Here is a new and patent plough;

See, 'tis exactly to one's mind—

What a fine length of tail behind!

See what a large and graceful shear,

And how much earth it will lay bare!

Just start the plough and let her go;

For she will keep the track, I know!

The horse has just to stretch the trace,—

The plough will always keep its place;

'Twill sometimes go without a horse,

Or any other drawing force!

It is an age of wonders now;—

It needs not man or horse to plough!

Just turn the beam or wheel it round,—

The shear will run beneath the ground;—

'Tis true, as you have got a soul,—

It has the nature of a mole!"

But stand aside—For your invention,

Scarce is worth a farmer's mention:

"Here is a churn!—strange though it seem,

On the true principle of steam—

See how the paddles all will flutter,—

Just let them go—they'll make your butter!

Though you may think it is a dream,

You may have butter without cream!

Mankind have grown so very cunning,
As to exclude all kinds of punning!
I have a gen'ral patent grant;—
'This churn is what the females want!'
They will not have to bend and sweat,
And murmur, and, with justice, fret:
'This churn will answer ev'ry end;—
It may be styled the female's friend!
For it will gather butter too;
The house-maid will have nought to do!
Just let her hold the plate, and see
How small her daily work will be!"
But stop, strange friend, and be at peace;
Now let your "*clishmaclaver*" cease!
Were ever such great wonders seen?
This has grand claims!—"A *new machine*."
"Come, tumble in your dirty duds,
'Twill wash without your making suds!
Just let me try your soil'd cravat;
Or, if you please, throw in your hat:
It is a proper Washing Jenny—
'Twill make you clean as is a penny!
No thanks to congress, king, or pope,
'Twill be a saving great of soap;
For this machine, think as you please,
Will make you clean with so much ease;
Besides—the water? Not a gill;
As it runs round the void will fill!
I'm sure no man of common sense,
Will grudge his wife the small expense
Of buying one:——

But stand away;
For here is a more grand display—
A man of science—see his plan;—
'Tis for the gen'ral good of man.
He opens out a lengthy scroll;—
It shows the greatness of his soul!
I'll tell you what he makes a fog!
But he's a *learned* pedagogue!
Children may learn without a book;—
Look on these hissing labials;—look!
Dentals—nasals—gutt'als too;—
How simple to the tyro's view!
Hissing dentals too we see;
Besides a most elab'rate Key!
The children must learn these—and then,
They'll spell and read like learned men!
Come, come, my boys; don't stir a peg;—
You know th' old play,—“Mumble the Meg?”
Take care!—But what may feed your pride,
The words are here all “classified!”
The “hieroglyphics” fully prove
You'll learn to read—if books you love,
You'll “know the letters” just “on sight;”
To read well is a great delight!
The “vowels” you will know by rule,
The “consonants” are but their tool;
What “hissing” we shall have in school! }
For here are hissing F and V,
And hissing X, Z, S, H, C,
And “principles” on every side,
And “figures” too are multiplied;
So, on the whole, 'tis very plain
It will not turn the poor child's brain!

How scientific we are getting!
Since we our father's ways are quitting!
Besides, all error to prevent,
Each word, you see, has its "accent;"
And here, you find in solemn state
The pre-an-te-pe-nul-ti-mate!
This shows th' inventor has great learning!
And a wig full of discerning,
The book's on the syllabic plan,
And William M——y is the man!*
He dreamed ten years, by some, 'tis said,
And found it out—asleep!—in bed!
So it would be a "monstrous pity,"
To make him subject to a ditty!
But every one, it seems of late,
Who can but figure on a slate,
Sets up to prove, before his betters,
That reading is not done by letters!
But pray give room; for understand,
Here comes a man with a New Hand;—
Perhaps it is "Professor Br**n,"
Who goes about from town to town.
He writes some hand, gives it a name,
And then—he's on the road to fame!
He gathers up near "fifty scholars;"—
Their parents tumble out the dollars!
But the "Professor's credit" dies;
The parents all have acted wise;

* To do justice to Mr. W. M.——, he has published a Spelling Book, which does him credit; but his *plan* of instructing children to read in so *short* a time, is, and forever will be an abortion! Every attempt to facilitate the progress of youth in any art or science, is entitled to respect; but Mr. M's. plan has too much "Yankee in it."

For, O! son James writes a great scrawl;—
The money—I don't grudge it all!
He writes a handsome "ang'ler" hand;—
See how "upright" his letters stand!
Well, if you're pleased, so too am I;
We'll let the gentleman pass by;
Lest ninnies should suppose 'twas spleen,
That made me cut so very keen.
But after the itin'rant's gone,
I'll send my son to 'honest John;'
I, somehow, like his hand much better,
Than this new-fashioned sort of letter!
But he has now obtained command
Of his once awkward-looking hand.
And see with what a sweeping caper,
He can now run over paper!
Just too behold what famous loops;—
His letters look like barrel hoops;
And with a tail the most profound,
See how he swings the loop around!
But lest the knowing ones presume
To say, I take up too much room,
I'll just observe—your money's gone,
And many *gulls* are coming on;
Pray, look around you—have a care
Not to be gull'd th' ensuing year.

* My father was a tutor, and often received old scholars again, after they had left him and tried other tutors in vain; and, with modesty I would assert it, so have I.

LINES.

Written on seeing the banner erected over the walls of the Presbyterian Church, now building in Shepherdstown, Va. Addressed to the Rev. J. Hargrave.

BUILD, build the Lord a house;
 O raise His banner high;
 The banner of the Prince of Peace,
 O may it hover nigh!
 It flutters in the breeze,
 O may it flutter still;
 Until the glory of the Lord,
 Shall all His temple fill!

O! open wide your purse;
 For I, alas! am poor;
 Let not your riches prove your curse;—
 Give!—God will give you more.
 Build, build, &c.

Who knows the vast amount
 One dollar may afford,
 When put to int'rest on account,
 With your great Sovereign—Lord?
 Build, build, &c.

May willing crowds repair,
 O Zion, to thy dome;
 While numerous converts worship there,
 And find a lasting home!
 Build, build, &c.

Inspire thy servant, Lord,
To sound the Jubilee;
Be it according to thy word;
Set ev'ry captive free!

Build, build, &c.

Loud let the trumpet sound;—
Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Here let your boundless views be crowned;
Return with God to dwell!

Build, build, &c.

Your liberty receive;
To day obey his voice;—
Believe; on Jesu's name believe,
And let your souls rejoice.

Build, build, &c.

Build, build the Lord a house;
O raise His banner high!
The banner of the Prince of Peace,
O may it hover nigh!
It flutters in the breeze,
And may it flutter still,
Until the glory of the Lord,
The wide creation fill!

THE CHANGEABLE NATURE OF ALL THINGS BELOW.

MY sun is fast hast'ning to set in the west;
 The shades too are length'ning—I'll soon sink to rest;
 Behind the horizon the shadows all fly,
 And beauties immortal awake to mine eye!
 I here see but darkly as though through a glass;
 While all things are fading and perish as grass;
 But *there*, with clear vision, my Savior I'll see,
 And all things as firm as Jehovah shall be!
 How toilsome and painful have been the few years,
 My feet have been trav'ling through this vale of tears;
 My friends have all vanished as motes in the air,
 And leave not a trace that they ever dwelt here!
 Some false as the quicksand, and light as the wind,
 The sting of acquaintance have still left behind;
 While others as true as the steel to the pole,
 Have sunk to the grave with a grace-matur'd soul.
 The old generation have all passed away,
 And buried in mountains, or vallies they lay;
 My relatives tremble as leaves in the breeze,
 Then suddenly drop as the foliage from trees.
 Thus father and mother have left me alone;
 My other relations are gone, one by one;
 My brothers and sisters have mingled with clay,
 And I shall not see them until the great day!
 How changeful, inconstant and fickle are all
 That flit through the air, or that walk on this ball;
 Here nothing is certain except it be death;
 This only is certain of all things beneath!

Then why should I grieve that my glass is near run,
And that with the bustle of life I'll have done?
The earth and its people are nothing to me;
I have but one friend whom I gladly would see!
Through all the sad changes I've seen hitherto,
I find him still with me wherever I go;
I sue for his bounty—I lean on his arm,
The hand that supports me can do me no harm!
Away then with sorrow, my sighs I dismiss;
His grace is my comfort—his smiles are my bliss;—
'Tis rapture unbounded, extatic, supreme;—
The glory, the honor, and praise be to Him!
My limbs, have grown feeble and hoary my head,
And though my connections around me are dead,
I find Him my power; he strengthens me still,
And he will conduct me to his holy hill.
There eternal praises shall be my employ;
He shall be the burden of my future joy;
For all the good things by his bounty bestow'd,
O may I still honor my Lord and my God.
How long I shall wander in exile below,
Is what my best friend will not yet let me know;
Perhaps if I knew the amount of my load,
I'd sink ere I came to the end of the road!
A vail he has drawn over what yet may be;
The future in mercy is hidden from me;
Therefore he is worthy of my highest praise,
And this be my off'ring to my latest days.
From every creature let anthems arise,
And loud hallelujahs be borne to the skies;
Ye strong rolling thunders re-echo the voice,
And bid the creation in Jesus rejoice.

LINES.

Sacred to the memory of BENJAMIN W. REELER, who departed this life November 24th, 1833, in the seventh year of his age.

COULD youth exemption claim from death,
Or innocence detain its dart,
Alas, the shaft had not been sped
That wounds so deep a mother's heart!

But youth nor innocence avail,
Nor can avert the tyrant's blow;
For with a sure and steady aim,
He brings the highest monarch low.

His trophies teem through all the earth;
His badges ev'ry where we see:
The mourners go about the street,
A proof of man's mortality.

Then let us be prepared to meet
That final shock with minds serene;
But nothing can this bliss secure,
But a strong sense of pardon'd sin.

'Tis guilt gives death its fiercest form,
And furnishes his keenest throes;
But grace removes his sting, and sheds
A heavenly sunbeam on our woes.

O! seek for this great boon; the best
That God can on the soul bestow;
Grace builds a bridge o'er death's dark gulph,
And they who trust her find it so!

LINES.

On the death of RICHARD PARRIN RANDAL, an infant.

LOVELY innocent, adieu;
 Quickly ended is thy race;
 Now thou shalt thy Savior view,
 Caught up to his soft embrace:
 Angels bore thy soul on high,
 To the portals of the sky.

Though thy parents seem bereft,
 And weep o'er their prattling joy,
 O what trouble hast thou left,
 What disturbance and annoy!
 Nought molests thy peace above;
 'Tis the seat of endless love.

Thou wast but an early flow'r,
 Born to bloom but for a day;
 Like the drop of midnight hour,
 Thou didst shine to pass away;
 But thou shalt far brighter shine,
 All immortal and divine.

Farewell, happy spirit, thou;
 Father! see thy blooming boy;
 Mother! view thy infant now;
 What a prodigy of joy!
 Always happy—always blest—
 Wouldst thou wish him back from rest?

Cease fond parents, cease thy strife;
 To thy God thy babe resign;
 Death is swallowed up of life;
 Let its victory be thine:
 Then may ye too soar away,
 And embrace in endless day.

LINES.

On the sudden and unexpected death of E. G. B.—who was
 thrown by his horse, and killed in the prime of his life.

MYSTERIOUS stroke, and unexpected blow;
 How soon thy warmest hopes are all laid low;
 Thy visionary schemes have swiftly fled;
 The clammy sweats of death are on thy cheek,
 And volumes to the young it seems to speak;—
 The promising, the blooming Edmund's dead!

Such often is the morning of the day,—
 The sun throws out his broad, his golden ray,
 And gladdens fields, and gilds the mountain's brow;
 But lo! a dark and dismal cloud comes o'er,
 We can behold the cheering scene no more,
 And nature's face appears all dreary now!

The fair, the lovely, and the sprightly youth,
 Should learn to advocate the cause of truth,
 While Providence prolongs their fleeting breath;
 We cannot tell what the next hour may bring;
 For, from the houseless beggar to the king,
 All, all are subject to the stroke of death!

BISHOP EMORY'S DEATH.

How chang'd the herald of the cross,
 From what when living now;
 The church in sackcloth mourns the loss;—
 The death sweat's on his brow!

The eye that sparkled once so bright,
 Is clos'd in its last sleep,
 The soul has winged its mystic flight;
 His dust the angels keep!

They hold their vigils o'er his grave,
 And guard their hallow'd trust;
 The strong, the Mighty One to save,
 Remembers all our dust.

Th' important era soon will come;—
 John had it in his eye;—
 Long had he bent his pathway home;
 For he was fit to die;

But when that morning heaves in view,
 The change is greater far;
 For John shall be an angel too,
 And shine like yon bright star!

He will forget the shock of death,
 That laid him pale and low;
 And sing with an eternal-breath,
 His victory o'er his foe!

To one who stands with armor on,
No blow can come amiss;—
I'll often think of brother John,
And pray for death like his!

For sudden death, a sudden sight
Of all the bliss above;
Th' unbounded and effulgent light,
Of the Redeemer's love!

A sudden crown of endless life,
Is placed on Em'ry's head;
O let me thus quit ev'ry strife,
And sink among the dead!

What though frail flesh shrink from the thought,
It is a boon so high,
That if we lov'd God as we ought,
We would not fear to die!

Admit we die by violence,
The sooner is it o'er;
And heav'n is a full recompense;
What, would we ask for more?

EPITAPH—ON A DRUNKARD.

A JOLLY soul lies buried here,
For this poor world he did not care;
And so he took his daily glass,
Till he was stupid as an ass!
And when he could no longer hide
His shame, he could not drink—and died!

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CLAY.

The illustrious Statesman of the West.

ILLUSTRIOUS statesman! let my humble lays,
 A patron in thy lofty talents find;
 Or shield themselves amid the tow'ring blaze,
 Of learning, wit, and genius so refin'd;
 Then, though my pinions may be form'd of clay,
 My muse will spread her plumes and soar away!

“The harmonies of wide creation” join
 To eulogize the man of real worth;
 And were “the music of the morning” mine,
 I’d sing that Clay is of ethereal birth;
 To him I’d dedicate my future page,
 The growing glory of the present age!

 STANZAS.

Occasioned by the death of Mr. J. K. who died of the Spasmodic
 Cholera, September 16th, 1832.

THOU great and awful God of all,
 Whose thunders shake this earthly ball,
 In mercy view our helpless state,
 And send us help before too late!
 We cannot live beneath thy frown,
 And if thou sendest judgment down,
 Our feeble frames must fail and die,
 Before the anger of thine eye.

Avert thy threat'ning vengeance, Lord;
Our souls would lean upon thy word;
Thou art our safe-guard and our tow'r,
Our strongest hope in danger's hour.
We would acknowledge, Lord, with pain,
Too long have we let folly reign;
But now in earnest we begin
To eschew every darling sin!
O hear our penitential sighs,
And let our prayers as incense rise,
And find acceptance at thy throne,
Through Jesus Christ thine only son.
In His prevailing name we pray,
O turn the pestilence away;
And let thy all-reviving breath
Repair the moral wastes of death.
O speak;—"Destroying angel, cease!"
And bless our land with health and peace;
Then shall our tongues with joy confess,
Thy mercy and thy righteousness.
With anxious hearts we look to thee;
Lord, thou alone canst set us free;
For thou canst peace and health restore,
And bid the plague return no more.

EPITAPH—ON A GREAT TALKER.

HERE a loquacious being lies;
We hope he will not quickly rise;
For he has seen things now so clever,
His tongue, no doubt, would run forever!

FAREWELL.

TO THE REV. W. H*NK.

FAREWELL my brother in the Lord,
 Your face no more I soon shall see;
 When far from this you preach the word,
 O, sometimes raise a prayer for me!
 For though we part to meet no more,
 I hope to greet you on that shore.

I've pass'd o'er the meridian line;
 Fast am I hast'ning to the west;
 I now most sensibly decline,
 But hope to rise forever blest;
 My sun shall then far brighter shine,
 And all its beams shall be divine.

When in some distant place confin'd,
 To travel your repeated round,
 Still bear your faithful friend in mind,
 As you proclaim the joyful sound;
 For O, I'll often think of you
 And pray for your salvation too?

Adieu;—a warm, heart-felt adieu;
 Though in some place remote I sigh,
 I'll often breathe a prayer for you,
 And send my wishes to the sky;—
 That God may keep you in his hand,
 And bring you to the Promised Land.

But O,—I cease—the quivering tear
 Now dances in my age-dimm'd eye;
 I know my friend will for me care;
 Besides, my Great Protector's nigh;
 But O, a minister so dear,
 Wrings from my soul the glist'ning tear.

My brother! once again farewell!
 May heaven bless your family,
 And, maugre all the hosts of hell,
 In heaven I hope we all shall be;
 Adieu, dear friend;—a short adieu;
 Should you go first I'll follow too!

Until that joyful, happy day,
 In patience on the Lord we wait;
 Ere long we'll drop this feeble clay,
 And change our present mortal state;
 Thus when our last great change shall come,
 Our Father shall convey us home.

Then let each rebel murmur die,
 Since such shall be our happy lot;
 Where we may rove beneath the sky,
 To you or me it matters not;
 On sea, on land, and every where,
 Our heavenly Father's always near.

EPITAPH—ON MISS A. DOVE.

Who would not such a woman love?—
 In life and death she was *A. Dove!*
 This, all who knew her, will attest;
 We hope *A. Dove* is now at rest.

STANZAS.

Written on the fall of general Ross at North Point, in Sept. 1814.

SEE what laurels wreathe his brow;
 But they all are stain'd with blood;
 Widows wail his vict'ries now,
 And the orphan weeps for food.

He the sanguin'd field hath trod;
 Thousands fall before his face;
 Many reverence him as God;—
 But his meed is his disgrace!

See his trophies scatter'd round;
 But they chill the heart with fear;
 Death-cries issue from the ground;—
 Ah, no friend is present there!

But his arm shall lose its might;
 He must meet a greater foe;
 Should he gird himself for fight,
 Yet his strength shall be brought low!

See, the plume that deck'd his head;
 Falls, unheeded, on the sod;
 "O my God," he cries, "I'm dead,"—
 And resigns his soul to God.

To the fight he marched alone;
 For his army could not save;
 Of his host there was not one
 Who could shield him from the grave!

O! it was a dreadful fight,
And the cannon roar'd all day,
When in mist, obscur'd by night,
The great Ross was borne away!

See, he treads the vale alone;
Not a single friend is there; :
Rod nor staff can help him on;
Not a comforter is near!

By remorse, perhaps, assail'd,
For the many he has slain,
All his minions are appall'd;
O! it was a sick'ning pain.

"Ross is dead!"—a fearful sound!
Who shall his sad requiem sing?
With the clods his head is crown'd;—
Titles are a useless thing!

Lord or gen'ral matters not;
Now his buckler is a shroud;
See yon mournful, narrow spot,
It must shield the heart most proud!

His fierce spirit spurns its clay,
As a rampart far too thin;
Shiv'ring—trembling—flits away—
And forsakes its house of sin.

Near the brushwood see him fall;
He has lost his noblest plume;
Honors—they forsake him all,
There's no honor in the tomb!

Though his legions guard the place,
None his spirit shall pursue;
He has fallen in disgrace:
Worms shall claim him as their due!

Could we move the veil aside,
Since his last great fight is o'er,
We should see a scene untried
On that all mysterious shore!

Senseless mortals! blame me not,
If I cannot shout applaud;
Let his sword in silence rot;
Ross is gone to meet his God!

What may be his future fate,
Is not for me to decide;—
But—I envy not the great,—
Hush, contention! silence, pride!

Glory leads but to the grave;
Honor is an empty breath;
Both are bubbles on the wave;—
Give me glory after death!!

EPITAPH—ON A NOTED LIAR.

HERE lies a man of talents rare;
But, reader, pray suppress the tear;
His talents were of the worst kind,
That ever plagued a man of mind:—
The neighbors will refrain from crying;
For his were talents for *great lying*.

LEADER OF JOSEPH.

LEADER of Joseph, be my guide,
 Nor let my wand'ring footsteps stray;
 Still o'er my faithless heart preside,
 And keep me in the narrow way;
 The way to bliss that never cloys,
 Substantial, pure, eternal joys.

If rough and thorny be the road,
 Help me to cast on thee my care;
 And travel in thy strength, my God,
 Until I meet my brethren there;
 My brethren who were crucified
 To sin, and in thy service died.

Thine ancient flock have gain'd their rest,
 But other sheep are coming on;
 They pant for shelter near thy breast,
 To screen them from the burning sun;
 There in the shade of thy pierc'd side,
 With all thy sheep would I abide.

I love the pastures where they graze;
 Their steps I, at a distance, see;
 There a broad stream of water plays;
 It rises, Lord, in springs from Thee;
 And while those springs of comfort roll,
 They satisfy my thirsty soul.

Through all the desert way they glide,
Refreshing ev'ry weary mind;
With Thee, my shepherd, by my side,
My soul shall peace and safety find;
And richest blessings shall distil
Upon thy sheep from Zion's hill.

Contending for my native heaven,
With songs to Zion I return;
Through Thee most graciously forgiven,
I bless the day that I was born;—
Born to receive a second birth,
And triumph in thy name on earth.

I long to gain that blissful seat,
Where deck'd in glory, sits my King,
And with ten thousands at His feet,
In holy strains of reverence sing—
“Worthy the Lamb that once was slain;
Reign King of saints and nations reign!”

O when shall I the goal attain?
When drop this cumb'rous frame of clay,
And bow my head with thee to reign,
And rise to everlasting day?
My soul in haste, cries “Come, Lord, come,
And rend the heavens, and take me home.”

O throw this crazy world aside,
And lead me with thy little flock,
To streams of water deep and wide,
Proceeding from th' eternal rock;
The rock of my salvation be,
And let me find my heaven in Thee,

INVOCATION TO RELIGION.

RELIGION, sweet and heavenly form,
Thou bow of promise in the storm;
Thou bendest o'er the gulf of death,
Thou reachest to the world beneath.

O come and make me thine abode;
Fill me with all the life of God;
The mystic union let me prove,
And saturate my soul with love!

Then I shall death itself outbrave,
And smiling pass the gloomy grave;
Religion gives the victory;
The glory, Lord, belongs to thee!

GOOD FRIDAY, 1835.

SEE! my Lord and Savior dies;
Hearken to His mournful cries;
Men and angels hear the Son,
Hear that strange expiring groan!

God, the Savior, bows His head;
Lo! He sinks among the dead!
Nature mourns his agonies,
Darkness shrouds the earth and skies!

Burst, my unaffected heart;
Jesus bears thy painful smart;

Jesus groans and dies for thee;
What more could he do for me?

Lord, before thy cross I bow;
O accept my off'ring now;
Let me all my sins deplore,
Go, believe, and sin no more!

THIS WORLD A DREARY WILDERNESS.

THIS world's a dreary wild at best,
Where savage spirits roam;
But heaven is a place of rest,
And my eternal home.

Thither my longing soul would rise;
My Great High Priest is there;
There shall I have unclouded skies,
And joys without a tear.

O! might I gain that happy place;
To this my soul aspires;
This large, unpleasant wilderness,
Suits not my vast desires.

Come, O my Savior and my God,
Reveal thyself in me;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad,
And make me Lord, like thee.

Thus shall I best proclaim thy praise,
When by thy grace I move;
My soul shall sing thy righteousness,
And taste thy perfect love.

PRAISE FOR PAST BLESSINGS AND REJOIC-
ING WITH TREMBLING.

PRAISE ye the Lord! Praise Him my soul;
Loud let the deep-toned anthem roll;
Dwell on his love with glad acclaim,
And shout hosannahs to His name.

O may my daily thanks arise,
As holy incense to the skies;
And let my joyful heart record
The tender mercies of my Lord.

When buried deep in shame and sin,
He reached his arms and took me in;
Forgave my sins and made me whole,
And stamped his image on my soul.

O may this truth be e'er impress'd,
In lines eternal on my breast;
And let me ne'er so foolish be
To rove again, good Lord, from thee.

But can my soul when once renewed,
Be fill'd with vile ingratitude?
Turn from the living way again,
And thus transfix my soul with pain?

Yes, Lord!—my heart is prone to stray
And walk in the forbidden way;
Ten thousand snares beset me round,
I feel I tread on hostile ground!

Great God, thy timely grace impart,
Direct my feet and shield my heart;
Preserve me from each hidden snare,
And may I find thee always near!

Thou art my hope, thou art my stay;
O lead me all the doubtful way;
And if the prize I should attain,
The glory, Lord, be thine!—Amen.

NONE BUT ONE FRIEND.

I SAW two clouds at early dawn,—
How brilliant to the eye!
Ting'd with the rising vernal sun,
They mingled in the sky:
Their edges skirted were with gold,
A sight most pleasant to behold;
But, lo! a large dark cloud came o'er,
And I could see those clouds no more.

I saw two summer currents roll;—
How smoothly did they flow!
As one they tended to their goal,—
The ocean far below:
Their dimpling eddies past away;
Their streams were cover'd by a spray;
For lo! the floods began to rise,
And dash'd their surges tow'ards the skies.

Such is man's friendship in this vale,
This wilderness of strife,
Where ills, by thousands, oft assail,
And much embitter life:

But we may have a friend above,
 Who never slights our faintest love;
 O let me make this friend my care,
 That I may have his friendship there!

TEKEL,

Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting. Or the sin
 of profane swearing.

BOLD is the wretch who can defy
 The threat'ning vengeance of the sky;
 Provoke His ire and blindly dare
 By the Eternal Name to swear.
 Presumptuous man! thy thoughts are weigh'd;
 Thy words are in the balance laid!
 See, Justice lifts the scale on high,
 And thou art now condemn'd to die!

“Who takes my holy name in vain,
 Is justly doom'd to endless pain;
 Nothing relieves his soul from guilt,
 But that dear blood my Son has spilt!”
 Go, helpless, hopeless sinner, go,
 If thou would'st shun eternal wo,
 Fall, low before his mercy seat,
 His goodness may forgive thee yet!

Lord, pardon our past sin and shame,
 That we so little fear thy name;
 And though provoked may we not dare,
 To use thy name without thy fear.
 O may we guard each thought and word,
 Lest we offend thee, holy Lord;
 And may our language all proclaim,
 That we adore thy precious name.

THE CRUCIFIXION, RESURRECTION, ASCENSION, &c.

DESCRIBED IN A NEW WAY.

I ASK'D the EARTH:—"Who did this horrid deed?
Who caus'd the precious Son of God to bleed?"

It quak'd—and with a hollow groan it fled,
And wrapp'd itself in darkest midnight shade!

I ask' the SUN:—His chariot started back,
And he forsook his long, his golden track;
And, with a frown, he made me this reply:—
"I could not stand and see my Maker die!"

I ask'd the TEMPLE'S VAIL:—It rent in twain,
So that it could not be restored again;
And as if more than ever yet afraid,
The Holy of the Holies it display'd!

I ask'd the ROCKS:—They, rending, made reply—
"The holy Jesus is about to die;
We cannot stand such an uncommon shock,
And he that can is harder than the rock!"

I ask'd the GRAVE:—But, ah! she seem'd bereft;
Her sleeping treasure had her bosom left;
But yawning, loud she cried:—"I've lost my prey—
It seems as if 'twere Resurrection Day!"

I ask'd the OCEAN:—But with awful roar,
He cast his oozy inmates on the shore;
And as his foaming billows died away,
He thunder'd—"Must I too give up my prey?"

I look'd—and, lo, I saw a ghastly sight,—
Th' appearance of the form fill'd me with fright;
Gnashing his teeth—his glaring eyeballs roll'd,
And the confusion of his bosom told—
His name was DEATH:—And as I lent an ear,
Methought these words distinctly I could hear:—
“Spite of the Prince of Life, I'll use my pow'r,
And gorge my maw before the destin'd hour!”

I ask'd of HELL:—But he made this reply:—
“I dread the lightning of Messiah's eye,—
For I foresee my ruin in his fall,
I must give up my dead, both great and small!”

I ask'd of LUCIFER:—With thunder scarr'd,
His brazen front tow'rds heav'n he rear'd—
And roar'd:—“Lost! lost is my all-conq'ring shield,
Immanuel now maintains the sanguin'd field:
His hands have routed man's infernal foe,
And Death and Hell shall mourn the fatal blow,—
The flaming sword is sprinkl'd with His blood,
And all who will believe are sons of God!”

I ask'd the LIGHTNINGS, flashing through the void:—
“What wicked hands the Prince of Life destroy'd!”
They thunder'd with sublime, tremendous roar:—
“We never heard of deed so vile before!”

I ask'd of MAN:—With malice in his eye,
He shook his head, and made this bold reply:
“'Twas I who put God's only Son to pain,
And were he living, he should die again!!!”

I ask'd the TEMPESTS,—and the forests bow'd—
The mountains roar'd, and the reply was loud—
And as careering whirlwinds by me pass'd,
They yell'd—“What will become of man at last?”

With trembling I approach'd the awful One:—
“What shall for man, rebellious man, be done?”

He cast a look upon His holy child,
And said—“Behold in Him God reconcil'd!”

I ask'd the *Angels*, bending from the sky,
As on the dying God they cast an eye—
They shouted—“Hail! the Lamb for sinners slain!
He lives! he lives! and shall forever reign!”

I ask'd of *Thrones* and *Principalities*,
And *Seraphs* in their various high degrees—
They all began, without one jarring chord,
To sing loud hallelujahs to the Lord:

I ask'd the sacred spirits of the just,
Who at his resurrection left the dust;
When with a thund'ring voice they struck the lyre,
And notes immortal set my soul on fire!

I ask'd the *ELDERS* who stand midst the throne,
When with a deep, but reverential tone,
They cast their glittering glory at his feet,
And heav'ns symphonies appear'd complete!

I would have ask'd the *living creatures* four,
But, prostrate in His presence, they adore,—
And, with a sep'rate and united voice,
The whole of that unnumber'd host rejoice.

But as I bow'd myself at Jesu's feet,
I fell, o'erwhelm'd, beneath his mercy-seat—
And since I've learn'd that Jesus is their song,
“All hail the Lamb!” I'll sing—and march along!
For if I learn that heav'nly music here,
I shall sing better to my Savior there;
Where nothing I *need* ask, as I shall know,
All I desired for my good below.

DEFINITION OF TIME.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

TIME, pray tell me, what thou art?

Pause in great eternity?

Thou surroundest ev'ry part

Of myself, the earth, and sea.

Not six thousand years ago,

As the Book of Books has told,

Thou wast but in embryo,

Or with chaos wast enroll'd.

From this dark and formless mass

Order from confusion sprung;

Trees were seen, and herbs, and grass;

Then, O time! was heard thy tongue.

When the joyful sons of God

Shouted o'er this rising ball,

Ere yet men its face had trod,

Thou, O time! didst hear the call.

At Jehovah's potent word

Thou didst roll thy noisy car;

Thou obeyest nature's Lord;

For His way thou dost prepare.

Time!—thy days, thy months, thy years,

Are a measurement of thee;

But when all those pond'rous spheres

Fall, then thou shalt cease to be!

But there is a time to all,
 From the first man to the last;
 But when Gabriel gives the call,
 All time yields before the blast.

All will be eternity,
 As though thou hadst not begun;
 And in one broad even sea,
 That eternity shall run.

Then time, tell me, what thou art?
 Fragment stretch'd from shore to shore?
 Of eternity a part,
 Part that's past, and part before?

Time, I've seen thy pictured face,
 On the dial, in the sun;
 Through the clock and watch's glass,
 I have seen thy moments run.

Sarah Ann, thou hast a time;
 'Tis that portion God has given,
 To abstain from ev'ry crime,
 And prepare thy soul for heaven.

O improve the fleeting space;
 Time is not—I speak—'tis past!
 Life's the only time of grace;
 Who can say how long 'twill last?

EPITAPH—ON A TAILOR.

Here lies a man who used the *shears*,
 And *cabbag'd* much for many years;
 But here his *cabbaging* is past;
 For death has cabbag'd *him* at last!

LINES.

Sacred to the memory of GILBERT MOTIER DE LA FAYETTE.

IF worth unsullied may demand a tear,
 Columbia, drop it o'er La Fayette's bier;
 The friend of France—and thine! resigns his breath;
 His val'rous arm is palsied now in death!
 The bosom-friend of the great Washington,
 His brilliant course on earth has fully run;
 His laurels early bloomed;—they ne'er shall fade,
 But as an endless halo crown his head.
 La Fayette! man of an uncommon mould,
 The warrior firm, and as a lion bold;
 A patriot too of no inferior cast—
 His well-earn'd fame long as the sun shall last.
 Disinterested, benev'lent, and brave,
 His money was disburs'd our land to save:
 Through a long sanguinary term he fought,
 To gain the liberty our country sought.
 Columbia's faithful, true, and well tried friend,
 Thy path was luminous, and calm thy end:
 Long, long her rising offspring shall deplore,
 The man whose visits grace our land no more.
 La Fayette! France's highest, latest boast,—
 Our country's theme—her universal toast;—
 Death vaunts in thee no common victim slain—
 Its realms shall never hold such pomp again!
 No more thine arm shall hurl the bolt of war,
 Nor shall thy valor roll fair freedom's car;
 But thou shalt live immortal as thy sire,
 When all sublunar grandeur shall expire.

In tracing thy career, we joy to find,
 The new philosophy* stain'd not thy mind,
 Thou wast of nobler cast; and thy great soul
 Was destin'd for no sordid, sensual goal.
 O might thy mantle on the nations fall!
 How soon would they be loosen'd from their thrall!
 One grand republic then would greet our eyes,
 And freedom's temples glitter to the skies!
 Adieu, La Fayette! peaceful be thy bed;
 Let no rude tyrant o'er thy relics tread;
 A nation's tears thy mem'ry shall bedew,
 And teach her sons thy footsteps to pursue.
 Retain, O Piepas, thy sacred trust,
 Till God's own voice reanimates his dust;
 That day his merits fairly shall unfold,
 Emblazon'd high—more lustrous than the gold.

LINES.

Written on reading in the Christian Advocate and Journal and
 Zion's Herald of the conversion of the Indians.

THE shadows of midnight recede from the sun;
 The demon of error now hastes to be gone;
 The gospel is pouring its beams on the west,
 And hundreds of natives are graciously blest.

The Red Men have laid all their *paw-waws* aside;
 They seek for their wisdom from Christ crucified;
 With transport the Savior of all they embrace,
 And feel that He died for the whole human race.

*La Fayette, like Washington, was a believer of the Bible.

O what has the God of the Indians done!
He cements the white, red, and black all in one;
Though diff'rent in language and color they be,
They speak but one language when Christ sets them free!

Grape Island and *Rice Lake* redemption have found,
The Red Men on *Simcoe* have heard the glad sound;
Mississaugahs and *Mohawks* adore Jesu's name;
The *Six Nations* too the glad tidings proclaim.

O Jesus, ride on! and the nations subdue;
The savages all of the forests renew;
To moles and to bats all their idols be giv'n,
And through the wide world, Lord, diffuse gospel leav'n.

JOB'S BIRTH-DAY.

BIRTH-DAY! be thou black as the darkest midnight,
Envelop'd in shades and depriv'd of all light;
Let the sun be withdrawn, and the shadow of death,
Cast a stain on the moment that first gave me breath.

Birth-day! be thou clouded with heaviest gloom;
Let not the Lord count it with years still to come;
And O, let the darkness bring fear on that day,
While yet as a speck I in embryo lay!

Birth-day! be thou darker than ever before;
Let midnight increase that great darkness still more;
The day be forgotten, the night be forlorn,
In which it was said that a man-child was born!

Birth-day! be not join'd to the days of the year;
In numbering months may it never appear;
The voice of rejoicing be banish'd afar,
And twilight refuse to discover a star!

Birth-day! let it look, but in vain, for the light;
O day! never dawn on that horrible night;
Because when I came from my dear mother's womb,
I was not received by the mouth of the tomb!

STANZAS.

On the triumphant death of Mrs. JANE FOSTER, companion of Dr.
Foster, of Shepherdstown, Va.

TRIUMPHANT saint! thy days are number'd now,
And youth eternal decks thy deathless brow;
Well hast thou fought! the victory is gain'd,
A fadeless crown thou hast through faith obtain'd!
I saw thy fragile form to earth convey'd,
And low in yonder wid'ning grave-yard laid;
Angels are there!—they watch thy sleeping dust,
Until the resurrection of the just.
Rest, happy saint, nor let one foot intrude
Upon thy last, thy sacred solitude,—
Unless the friends, who breathe the earnest sigh,
“Lord, make us all, like Jane, prepar'd to die!”
Hark! 'tis the last loud clang'rous trump I hear—
The dead awake—behold, behold the Judge appear;
Ten thousand angels guard his shining throne,
To make his justice and his glory known!

See now he turns to those on his right hand,
A favor'd few—but yet—a countless band!
With smiles that gladden heav'n, he speaks—"Arise,
Enter, ye blest, into my Father's joys!"
See—Jane is there,—she joins the dazzling train,
And mounts aloft, with Jesus long to reign;—
Ye everlasting doors, be lifted high,—
The heir of glory lives no more to die!

ADDRESS TO AMERICANS.

ON THE LATE MOBS.

YE Sons of Columbia, the land of the brave,
Shall we to vile passions submit, like a slave?
Break over the mounds that fair freedom enclose,
And firmly unite with her bitterest foes?
What demon the cities and towns has possess'd,
That bloodshed and murder have both rais'd their crest?
That wasting and vi'lence are seen, felt, and heard,
By conscience, nor honor, nor mercy deterr'd?
Shall scenes so disgraceful involve us at home,
And outrages barefac'd through all the land roam?
Ah! where is the spirit of liberty now,
When all law and justice to mobs have to bow?
Ye lovers of freedom in phalanx appear,—
In one solid column her standard now rear,—
Bid violence cease, and the outlaws be still,
And make them submit to peace, order, good will!
Let rights be respected, and law have her sway,—
Be sovereign her mandates—let none disobey,—

For if to disorder and rapine we yield,
Then farewell to freedom!—She flies from the field!
And shall we supinely thus stand and look on,
Until ev'ry vestige of liberty's gone?
Rouse, rouse from your slumbers, and put down the fool,
Who leads on the rabble 'gainst order and rule!
Say, shall the grand fabric our fathers have built,
Be darken'd by crime, and discolored by guilt?
Shall clubs, stones, and brickbats, the law of the day,
Reign over our sea-ports with such a wide sway?
Then vainly indeed did our forefathers toil,
And pour out their blood, which has fatten'd the soil,
If we, their late offspring, want valor enough,
To drive freedom's foes, or "*to die by the stuff!*"
Wake up—ye espousers of order and law,
In liberty's cause the broad-sword let us draw;
If men *will* rush madly on *order*—then *steel*
Is all on the earth that can make the fools *feel!*
Yes—were he a brother, his heart's blood must pay,
Ere he should fling order and justice away;
Protect the defenceless—the innocent shield—
But drive both banditti and mobs from the field.
Ye good honest yeomen, the guard of the land,
'Tis time you reflect, and take matters in hand;
From vaulting ambition the sceptre now wrest,
And all things together shall work for the best.
Be firm and decided—for UNION declare—
Your own peace and safety forever lie there;
"Divided we fall," is a motto most just;
"United we stand," was great Washington's trust.
'Twas union that planted our liberty here,
And all the great blessings we freemen hold dear;

And now, when the tree yields us such wholesome fruit,
Shall we blast its verdure, and dig up the root?
There's no love of country in deeds of such kind,
And those who can't see it must be very blind;
For int'rest, or party, or passion must reign,
And all their most specious pretensions are vain.
There are numbers who tell us they seek for our good;
But let this be always by *works* understood;
Words cost but a *trifle*; but *works* shall stand fast,
And prove what they say is not merely a blast.
Remember the sages who sketch'd out the plan,
So fraught with benev'lence and good-will to man;
They *said* and they *acted*,—the fabric remains,—
Let us keep possession—'twill pay for the pains!
Discard office-hunters and curtail the pay,
Of those who are making eight dollars per day;
Bring down the proud looks of those now much too high,
And show them that merit true honor will buy.
Columbians rally; to th' Union prove true;
Let not arch-seducers your country undo;
Lest when 'tis too late ye your folly should see,
And curse the abettors of foul anarchy.

A JUST THOUGHT, AND A SOLEMN ONE.

How oft we dance and trifle,
And dilly-dally too;
Ourselves of time we rifle,
And say we've nought to do!
But, ah, if death should find us,
We shall have no excuse!
And judgment will remind us,
Of time's past vile abuse!

A VERY TOUGH CASE!

Of all the plagues that bitter'd Pharaoh's life,
 There was not one could match a grumbling wife;
 A murm'ring and a discontented mind,
 That dwells on matters many years behind;
 And were the gordion knot once more untied,
 None of the sex should ever be my bride!

I pity him who has a hobbling gait,
 A gouty foot, or badly scalded pate!
 And if a man were troubled with the itch,
 Or scrofulous complaint—no matter which—
 I would commiserate his case as being sad;—
 But, O! a grumbling-wife is twice as bad!

Some have from the malignant chol'ra fled,
 And mourn'd for relatives but lately dead;
 But from dissatisfaction, pain, and grief,
 It shortly gives the suff'rer full relief,
 But if I'm wedded to a grumbling wife,
 This plague attends me all along through life!

If for some moments you would wish repose,
 To rid your thoughts of life-assailing woes,
 The woman now begins with some complaint,
 Enough to rend the feelings of a saint!—
 With nature, men, and things she seems at strife;
 No man is happy with a grumbling wife.

It may be for awhile her tongue is still;
But this, alas! will but increase the ill;
For now her smothered wrath breaks out at last!
And then the poor man gets a horrid blast;—
She tells of hardships she must bear for life,
And blames the day that she became his wife!

She wishes she had never married one
That ever walk'd beneath the rising sun;
Or had she married Mr. ———, no odds who!—
She might have been a lady fit to view;—
But, O! her hands are spoil'd—a thing most sad!
Her husband is possess'd of morals bad!

He has no management and no foresight;
Were she a man, she'd set all matters right;—
And thus she broods o'er forty different things,
Of which the muse grows tired as she sings;
With all on earth her mind's at perfect strife!
Who can be happy with a grumbling wife?

Perhaps you feel disposed at this to laugh;
But, ah! my honest friend, you know not half;
To be accused of trifles is but small;—
But wait with patience till you hear it all;
“You murder me by inches!” is the cry;
“A pity you were not prepared to die!”

If you want help in matters though but small,—
“Where are your maids?—let them obey your call;
I did not marry you to be your slave;
’Twould be no odds if you were in your grave;”
The man disgusted turns from wordy strife,
And sighs to find he has a grumbling wife!

His ears are fill'd with sad and sore complaints,
At thoughts of which the strongest spirit faints;
He turns, poor man! but cannot break his chain,
And it is worse than fruitless to complain;—
Ah! were I free from such detested strife,
No woman living e'er should be my wife!

THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND—OR THE WIFE'S WO.

OF all the curses in the land,
The drunkard must the foremost stand,
And of all men on earth accurs'd,
The drunken husband is the worst.

He comes home in the dark of night,
For like a thief, he hates the light,
Falls on the partner of his life,
And beats his children and his wife.

He scowls and mutters all day long;
For every thing he sees is wrong;
Until he gets another bowl,
And brutalizes all his soul.

He swallows down the fiery grog,
Until he vomits like a dog;
And, as a swine, he wallows too
In some quagmire, or in his spew!

At night he staggers home again,
Through frost, or snow, or sleet, or rain;
Again renews his former strife,
And drives his children and his wife!

His breath's affected by his drink;
He smells as strong as an *old mink*;
Tell me, how any woman can
Love such a wretched, filthy man!

Some times he lies down in his boots,
Or shoes—as inclination suits,—
Then—vomits all about the floor—
Just as he did the night before!

Who pities not th' unhappy wife,
That's doom'd to live with him for life?
Who can with such a monster live?
What name should we this demon give?

But half the picture is not drawn;—
He drinks till debts and duns come on;
And yet the savage thirsts for more,
Although the sheriff's at his door!

But what is worse than all I've said,
His family are meanly fed;
And though his thirst the larder drains,
Yet dry, dry, dry he still remains.

He drinks up money, health and fame,
And stamps a stigma on his name;
But still he thinks "a dram" no harm,
Although he swallows a whole farm!

To bring the drawing to the worst,
Such his insatiable thirst,
Could he his children all distil,
And wife—he'd gulp them gill by gill!

As if bound by some witching spell,
Resolv'd to rush headlong to hell,
He drinks up all about the house,
Until as poor as the church mouse!

When ev'ry social bliss expires,
And comfort from his house retires,
He acts for once, a part most wise,—
He drinks—"another dram"—and dies!

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

A PICTURE FROM REAL LIFE.

Now see the young people!—they hitch up the sleigh;
Crack, crack goes the whip, and old Dobbin's away;
How merry the crowd, and how giddy they go,
While the horses are straining through mire and snow,
The night is inviting;—Sam's spirits are high,
He drives here and there, and he hardly knows why;
The beasts are his father's—the horses are free;
The girls are all giggling and merry as he!
"But there is a tavern—it is not so far;
Say, don't you discover the sign of "the star?"
We'll stop there awhile—we will get a good treat,
And Mary and Susan can both warm their feet."
Sam drives to the tavern, and while the girls warm,
He will take a few drops—it will do him no harm;
"Your brandy is good!"—"Yes; I keep of the best;
Come, turn off the glass, sir, and finish the rest!"
Sam turns off his bumper—"Tis my turn to treat;
Come, taste my Jamaica and Sherry"—"Tis sweet;"
Sam tastes of the liquors—they all are so good;
"The air is quite cold—and a glass warms my blood!"

But surely the ladies must have a small taste;
“Not offer them any?—I should be disgraced;”
So Sam adds some water and sugars it well;
“O ladies ’tis sweeten’d”—this serves as a spell!
The ladies all sip, till they have sipp’d round,
And Sam sips again, with a sip most profound;
“Come, let us be off girls, for Dobbin and Jack
Are in a good humor to carry us back.”
The girls “*tumble in*”—and Sam takes up the rein,
The horses go straight, but their instinct is vain;
For Sam knows much better than any one can;
Besides, there’s some diff’rence ’tween a beast and a man!
So off he now drives in his usual way,
He runs on a stump and away goes the sleigh;
The ladies are wallow’d, or thrown in the snow,
Had Dobbin been leader ’twould not have been so!
A distance from home—O! poor girls, it is sad,
That Dobbin or Sam has now used you so bad;
But when you get home—if sleigh-riding you go,
Remember the time of your tramp in the snow!

THE TUTOR IN A PET.

ANOTHER day of my detested life is gone;
And all its troubles too have pass’d me by;
It is some respite to be left alone,
Amid the darkness of a winter’s sky.

No end to my vexatious state I see,
But every thing conspires to make me sad;
And though ’tis said by nature I am free,
A negro slave’s condition’s not so bad!

They have their meals of good though homely fare,
And to the field with whistling they retire;
While I, chamelion like, may snuff the air,
To gratify the man of base desire.

I sit the live-long day, o'er worn-out books,
And thoughtless children that have scarce one care,
Whether they learn or not;—they reck no looks,
Not even birch can plant true knowledge there!

Yet, pretty things! you must not use the rod,
Or when you ask to have your dear-bought pay,
The parents, in defiance of their God,
Will give you more than retribution day!

Their children may, on all occasions, lie,
Yet Ben's a good, industrious, cheerful boy;
Yes;—they may swear, and morals good defy,
Yet nothing can the urchin's worth destroy!

The tutor must obey the parent's will;
For Billy's mind he never must control;
Let him be carelesss or outrageous—still
He is his father's boy—with half a soul!

But O, when simple mothers take the lead,
It beggars language to find out a name
For such anomalies!—'tis sad indeed,
And men thus rul'd deserve ten times more blame

LINES.

Sacred to the memory of DOCTOR JOHN BRISCOE, who departed this life, December, 1834.

If man deserves a tributary lay,
 The well-earn'd meed is justly due to thee;
 Not even foul-mouthed envy could essay
 To cast a shade upon thy memory.

Thou need'st no dirge t' impress departed worth
 Upon the minds of those who shall survive,
 As spicy gales which most perfume the earth,
 Still float in air or on the senses live.

How many can attest thy friendly skill,
 Thy great perfection in the healing-art?
 Stubborn diseases yielded at thy will,
 And health, and strength reviv'd the languid heart.

With mournful recollections we record
 Thy assiduity—thy constant toil;
 Thou ever wast alert upon the word,
 And fac'd the storms of winter with a smile.

But, ah! no merit could prolong thy breath;
 The blow was aimed by an unerring dart;
 "The meritorious Briscoe sleeps in death,"—
 Is deeply written on each feeling heart.

The tyrant well his mighty pow'r may boast,
 With such a man enclos'd in his domain;
 For in himself he might be term'd a host,
 Nor could death hold a stronger in his chain.

But hark! 'tis Gabriel's trump; death yields his prey;
 Broke is the ancient sceptre of the tomb;
 The barriers of death and hell give way
 And man shall rise in his immortal bloom.

What happy leaf may be unfolded then,
 Or what dark page it is not ours to trace;
 We all are fallible and dying men,—
 Have mercy on us all, thou God of grace!

If frailties we have not—we are not men,—
 What Briscoe's were is not for me to say;
 His virtues only were the things most plain,
 And they shall be emblazon'd in that day.

HIC JACET.—(HERE HE LIES.)

HIC JACET—what a soothing sound,
 When on the bad man's tombstone found;
 For it implies that in that spot
 He and his acts affect us not!

HIC JACET—what a soothing sound,
 When on the good man's tombstone found;
 For it implies he is at rest,
 And in his Maker's presence blest.

EPITAPH—ON A BAD MAN.

HERE lies a man who was to blame;
 Reader, is not thy case the same?
 With Nature's God he seem'd at strife;
 Reader, is thine a better life?
 At length, he has paid Nature's debt;
 Ah, reader, yours must be paid yet!

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

ERE first the countless Morning Stars,
 Were into strange existence brought;
 Or ere the num'rous sons of God,
 Were usher'd into being's thought;
 There did exist whom we call—God,
 In space immeasurably wide;
 Ten thousand orders round Him stood,
 Or twice ten thousand orders—died!

Perhaps ten thousand more, thrice told,
 Had chang'd their forms, or pass'd away,
 Ere yet the golden sun had roll'd
 His burning orb, or pour'd the day!
 Ere yet this universe display'd
 Her wonders to the seraph's sight,
 Or El-Elohim's hand had made
 The smallest object of delight,—

He reign'd supreme, or reign'd alone,—
 Blest in his own eternity;
 Nor did He need the aid of one,
 To swell his full felicity:
 But still augment this large account,
 By all the sands along the sea;
 Swell this prodigious vast amount,
 By all the spires of grass that be;—

These, multiply by drops of rain,
 That from the first creation fell;
 By ev'ry seed on earth or main,
 Since Lucifer was plung'd in hell:—

Those multiply by ev'ry dart,
And ev'ry sinful, vicious thought
That agoniz'd his tortur'd heart,
Since God first spoke the world from nought;

Still ev'ry sand, spire, drop, or pain,
That earth has borne or Satan felt,
With all his thoughts in awful train,
Till nature's works with heat shall melt;—
Still all, all, all cannot attain,
The number of Jehovah's years;
Nor all the seeds, on earth or main,
Till Christ, a second time, appears.

Still multiply by all the dust,
That swam in ocean or in air,
Till all created beings must
Before the bar of God appear.
Still these would fall forever short,
Nor could they reach infinity:
How feeble then is man's effort!
How awful must that being be!

O'erwhelm'd in thine eternity,
Are angels, men, and nature's things;
Yet, man, frail man! approaches thee,
While Gabriel hides his face and sings!
Thou from eternity wast God,
Eternity—transcript of thee!
Creation trembles at thy nod;
Thy frown dissolves earth, sky, and sea!

Great God! I own that I am lost—
O'erwhelm'd in thine immensity,

And on the boundless prospect tost,
Of thine unfathomable sea!
Eternity was first thy date,
That through unnumber'd ages ran;
And an eternity, of late,
Devolves upon thy creature, man!

Eternity that never ends,
Bears no proportion, Lord, to thee;
Thy Being far the whole transcends,
And thou shalt never cease *to be*!
Though lightnings glare destructive flame,
And thunders roar and burst th' expanse;
Though ruin seize all nature's frame,
Yet thine existence shall advance.

But yet thy years cannot increase,
To number with thine ages past;
Nor canst thou, glorious Being, cease,
Thou wast the first, and thou the last:
The first of what did ne'er begin,
The last of what shall never end;
And yet to thee am I akin,—
Thine offspring!—thou my deathless friend!

More kind than any father, thou
Hast known me ere I first drew breath;
More wise than any father, now
Thou keep'st me from the jaws of death.
O may my lengthen'd life proclaim
Some anthem worthy of my king;
Lord, while I live I'll bless thy name,
And thy stupendous glory sing.

AN ELEGIAC EULOGIUM.

On the character and death of GILBERT MOTIER (formerly Marquis) DE LA FAYETTE.

LA FAYETTE's dead!—Thou friend of man, farewell!
 With what delight we on thy virtues dwell!
 But they expand in that congenial clime,
 Where nothing suffers by the hand of time.
 But how shall I delineate a mind,
 That heav'n for such noble deeds design'd?
 Vain are the tropes that rhet'ric would display,
 For in his rays all figures melt away.
 Language is poor—It labors in each line,—
 I want for words—I need a pow'r divine;
 O thou who didst the bards of yore inspire,
 Touch my cold tongue with pure celestial fire!
 Direct my strokes and aid me while I draw,
 A character that never show'd one flaw;
 Rich without pride from ostentation free,
 And one who was all that a man should be!
 Second to the immortal Washington,
 In circles parallel their names shall run;
 While others wax, and wane, and pass away,
 They glow with an increasing lustrous ray.
 We read of the illustrious William Tell;
 But, ah! La Fayette's deeds his far excel;
 The former laid a haughty tyrant low,
 Who bade him give his son the fatal blow:
 La Fayette bared his bosom, not for *kin*;
 For *strangers* he withstood the battle-din;

Tell ran two chances—but La Fayette more;
We might increase his perils to a score!
Tell fought for those who strictly were his own;
La Fayette for benev'lence' sake alone;
Philanthropy his gen'rous bosom swell'd,
And through long toils his soul a captive held!
But Tell, it seems, bore not one glorious scar;
But view La Fayette!—Lo, the PRINT is there!
And while the former aggrandiz'd himself,
La Fayette never aim'd for aught like pelf!
He left the lux'ries of a royal board,
A peaceful home, with cornucopia stored;
Travers'd the hills and vales with Washington,
Till a long sanguinary term had run—
A fac-simile of him where shall we find,
Unless it be in Washington's great mind?
Search no where else, or all your labor's vain,
Columbia ne'er shall view his like again.
Disinterested, generous, and brave,
His purse was open the oppress'd to save;
Money was nothing, for he spilt his blood
And to the last he for our country stood.
Columbia's boast, and France's highest pride,
In him two nation's greatest champion died.
He wants no sculptured bronze, no speaking bust;
Immortal glory's written on his dust.
His gallant and his patriotic deeds,
Shall scatter through the world the fruitful seeds
Of ev'ry virtue which can men adorn,
And germinate in thousands yet unborn.
From lisping infants shall his name resound,
And patriot-fires shall kindle at the sound;

To feats of chivalry our youth aspire,
And light their tapers at La Fayette's fire.
Such is the man Columbia's sons lament;
And thus his life in usefulness was spent;
And when he left us for his native place,
For liberty La Fayette set his face.
The flame was kindled; but designing men,
Arose and put the patriot's mind to pain;
They introduced vile anarchy through France,
And bloodshed and disorder join'd the dance.
'Twas at this period Bonaparte arose,
And in his train were seen ten thousand woes;
Affrighted liberty from France retir'd,
Or on the guillotine it had expir'd.
But all this time La Fayette was immur'd
And in a gloomy prison well secur'd:
But Washington the German throne address'd
And the illustrious pris'ner was releas'd.
Thus while his country was a scene of blood,
Our hero shielded by the hand of God,
Was brought to see his native land once more,
And stand for freedom as he did before.
Gen'ral La Fayette, our adopted son,
The laurels are eternal thou hast won;
And thou shalt be remembered in our clime,
As long as years shall wheel the flight of time.
Adieu, La Fayette! shine among the spheres,
Th' illustrious sage to everlasting years;
Peace to thy relics, till thy sacred dust,
New-modell'd, joins the triumphs of the just.
America will pay thy just arrears,
And bathe thy mem'ry in a flood of tears;

While angel-legions guard the hallow'd place,
That holds the most illustrious of his race.
Weishaupt, and all the foll'wers of Voltaire,
Have vanish'd as the meteor in the air;
They have not left a solitary trace
They liv'd—save blood that mark'd their race!
Their liberty was of the lawless kind;—
The deep contamination of the mind;
It triumph'd over conscience and all right,
And left the soul involved in thick midnight.
La Fayette's was not so;—his noble soul
Was destin'd for an elevated goal;
He studied Washington and took his plan,
Which breathed benevolence to ev'ry man.
Without one blemish, both have lived and died,
Their country's honor, and the world's high pride;
But virtues, such as theirs, must leave behind,
The highest flights of even Homer's mind!
Farewell! La Fayette! liberty will weep
Whene'er she thinks upon her son's last sleep;
Her tears will mingle with Columbia's sighs,
And oft, in thought, will trace him to the skies.
The gaudy Mausoleum shall decline,
Nor the Pantheon be esteem'd divine;
But virtues, like La Fayette's, shall remain,
As long as pleasure is opposed to pain.

Written on hearing that a tailor had killed his comrade with the
goose.

What pity man should kill his brother,
And that one *goose* should kill *another*!

BREATHING FOR IMMORTALITY.

WHY should this veil of flesh and blood,
 Sever my soul from thee?
 Thine essence doth surround me still,
 Thyself, *I cannot see!*

Thy footsteps in the heavens I trace,
 And on the earth below;
 Thou art before me, in each path,
 My roving feet would go.

Yet still mine eye perceives thee not;
 To me thou art unseen;
 Whether in thought I soar o'er stars,
 Or walk the vallies green.

Yet, Lord, such is thy influence,
 Thou dost attract my soul,
 More than a thousand splendid toys,
 That round my vision roll.

Up far beyond the highest height
 Of glory thou dost dwell;
 But what thou art I can't conceive,
 Nor half thy goodness tell!

More dear thou art than any thing,
 This fading world can give;
 And 'tis by thy beneficence,
 My feeble frame doth live.

My ears have never heard thy voice;
Yet, on thee, I rely;
And in full confidence rejoice,
"I have a friend on high!"

To thee my spirit, Lord, would cleave,
Until I leave my clay;
Then—blessed with all a God can give,
My soul would soar away!

It is said by the oldest inhabitants on the South Branch of Potomac, that, many years ago, there was an exterminating battle fought between two of the most powerful tribes of Indians then existing—the Cherokees and the Chickasaws. Each army was painted black. The former tribe took their stand on what is now known by the appellation of "Earsom's Hanging Rock;" the latter encamped on the opposite side of the river. The conflict ended in the almost complete destruction of the Chickasaw nation. High on the rock is painted a spinning wheel and a large table-spoon, which, it has been supposed, were hieroglyphical of some of the transactions of that event. These two representations, and an Indian dart, which may be found now and then, are the only remains of Indian barbarity, to be found near this ancient

BATTLE GROUND.

MANY an age has rolled away,
And many a head has since grown gray,
And many breasts have press'd the sod,
Since Indians rear'd their battle-god!
But still their vestiges we trace,
In that wild, solitary place,
Where echo winds her protracted lay,
To trav'lers along that mountain way.

On heights that make the brain to reel,
You'll see the painted spinning wheel;
And, as though heaven's highest boon,
The large, domestic table-spoon.*

On those heights the warrior bled,
And showers of darts flew round his head,
While Ar-e-ous-ki† wheel'd his car,
And Chickasaws stood the shock of war;
But now inform me—where are they?
Like mountain mists they've pass'd away;
And echo, that tells your words all o'er,
Now speaks of great Manitou‡ no more!
The Indian arrow is unstrung,
Scatter'd the dust of warriors young;
Their strong-nerv'd arms are laying low,
And blend with their elastic bow.

Here and there—strown far and wide—
Are th' essays of savage pride;
But all that of the host remains,
Is—here the rocks—and there the plains;
Except it be a rude shap'd dart,
That, mayhap, pierced some noble heart!
But echo tells us of these no more,
Nor feats on South Potomac's shore:
The haughty Chickasaw has fled,
Or mounds of stone surround his head;
So pass away the savage race,
And other spirits fill their place!

*The spinning wheel and table-spoon were painted high on the rock during the battle.

†The Indian God of battle.

‡The Indian Deity.

But remains "The Hanging Rock;"
 Firm it stood the battle shock;
 And still it proudly lifts its head,
 A monument of the Indians dead:
 And long it shall a signal stand,
 Of Nature's works—sublimely grand:
 But echo* shall her Creator cry,
 When thunders shall roll and lightnings fly.
 Till Gabriel roars the mighty peal,
 That makes the earth's huge fabric reel,
 And bids the sea and land restore
 The war-fall'n dead—to die no more!

A SKETCH

OF THE NATURAL SCENERY OF HARPER'S FERRY.

(By request.)

God of the hills, and rocks, and mountains,
 Purling streams and crystal fountains;
 God of the great Potomac river,
 And Shenandoah—from forever!
 God of ev'ry land and nation,
 From the first march of creation,
 Here the wonders of thy hand,
 As thy monument shall stand,
 Unequall'd, to earth's latest stages:—
 Moss-grown rocks, uprearing high
 Their gray summits tow'ards the sky,
 Shall remain—a world of ages!

*The Hanging Rock is famous for the echo of the human voice.

See in yonder valley low,
Where Potomac's waters flow,
With the Shenandoah meeting,
As if sisters twain were greeting,
How the mountain's side seems torn,
By some mighty current borne
From its former resting-place,
Levell'd to its present base:—

Here, those giant streams contending,
Through the rocks their channels wending,
Make, at last, this abrupt ending,
From their beds the great hill rending!

Here, it appears, in days of yore,
Two streams, that never met before,
Disputed with th' opposing mound,
The latter stern and solid stood,
Contending with the mighty flood,
And strove its course to bound:
The two streams gathering all their strength,
By opposition grown, at length
With a redoubled force,
They sweep the barriers away,
And thus those cragged forms display,
In their resistless course!

The mountains now majestically stand
Disrupted, and the wilds on either hand,
Now rear their heads and seem to give the sign,
That here the rivers burst'd o'er the line;
While ridges, tending downward, say
That here the waters used to lay,

Upon their grassy sides and tops, where now
The farmer runs the well-known, useful plough;
And in the hardest rock you see appear
Some cavities, that plainly do declare
The waters had on them a constant sweep,
When erst this place was buried in the deep!

On the Virginia side is seen a rock,*
Self-pois'd, upon another larger stone;
Which stands immovable in ev'ry shock,
As if it claim'd the mountain for its own!
Here the red bolt, from the careering cloud,
Has spent its strength, 'midst thunders long and loud;
And when this war of elements is o'er,
It lifts its head as proudly as before.
It gathers its importance from the fact,
That Jefferson's uncommon tact
In writing, gives the rock a splendid name;
But—had he sat on other rocks they'd had the same!

Hence, you may see the people as they pass,
By naked eye, or through perspective glass,
Stop—to admire that wonder of the day;
But when they view it, it is but a stone,
Which, but for Jefferson, had ne'er been known,
And looks—like other rocks—uncouthly gray!
But when they have but seen it, it is well,
For now the enchantment's broke—the potent spell
That locks the senses of the wond'ring man:
Had Thomas fix'd his philosophic eye
On other rocks, that may be seen hard by,
They would have answer'd his intended plan!

*Jefferson's Rock.

Can you suppose there's inspiration, where
Rocks piled on rocks, are lifted in the air?
Hampshire and Hardy then are both inspir'd;
For *there* are rocks on rocks, surpassing high,
Around whose tops the forked lightnings fly,
And pines lay prostrate by the red bolt fir'd!
Have you not seen the broad, the noted gap,*
That mocks the efforts of a painter's art?
There rocks are sunder'd from their mother's lap,
And playful nature acts an antic part:
There are stupendous cliffs, that seem to dare
The eagle in his passage through the air!

LINES.

Written September, 1814, on seeing the cannon erected on the
batteries near Baltimore.

TREMENDOUS instruments of death!
Jehovah! stop their thund'ring breath;
Or let no warring passions rise,
Or nations meet with angry eyes.
Destroy the warrior's trade in blood,
And let them know that thou art God;
Henceforth let dove-like peace expand,
Her olive shade all o'er the land.
Drive, Lord, our old insulting foe,
And lay their haughty prospects low;
O may they meet with a rebuff,
And make them cry aloud—"Enough!"

*The gap below the mouth of New Creek, H. C., also another at
the head of Patterson's Creek in Hardy county.

Cockburne has left his *darken'd track*,
In ev'ry little seaport back,
Where his marauders had access,
And *pigs* and *poultry* number less!
If it should be thy holy will,
May some *dead-shot* make him *lie still*;
Then shall our *hen-roosts* all have peace,
And British trade in poultry cease!
Be thou, Lord, Baltimore's defence,
And teach the British gen'ral sense;
Or let his honor be laid low,
By some tremendous, death-like blow!
Although I am a soldier, Lord,
Thou know'st I tremble at thy word;
But—can I love a savage foe,
That has disgrac'd our nation so?
They've burnt our capitol with fire;
To Baltimore they now aspire;
O turn their cruel footsteps back,
And may their *blood* wash out their *track*!
Inspire our fighting men with skill;
May *ev'ry* shot a *thousand* kill;—
And since they thirst for *our* blood,
Compel them to *drink theirs*, O God!
Or if too much for theirs I thirst,
May those marauders "*meet the worst*,"
And while our cannons thunder loud,
Involve their prospects in a cloud!
If thou wilt give us victory,
The glory shall belong to thee;
And when the campaign's o'er, I'll tell,
"The Lord has ordered all things well!"

That fearful lady at the door,*
Who paced so quickly o'er the floor;—
O calm the tumults of her breast,
And put her groundless fears at rest.
And when the bombardment shall cease,
May she behold her friends in peace,
And raise an anthem, Lord, to thee,
Who gave us homes and liberty.

PSALM XVIII.—FROM 3d to 27th v. INCLUSIVE.

JESUS, my Lord, I'll call on thee—
Thou art a Savior unto me;
Thy name shall have the praise;
The groans of death my soul surround,
Floods of ungodly men are found,
And strong are their essays.

*September 14th, 1814, I arrived in Baltimore. As the company to which I belonged, were marching through Market-street, to Chinkapin Hill, I discovered a lusty, good-looking woman, who paced over the floor in great agitation of mind. She came to the door in a loose dress, unconscious how high she had tucked up her clothes, and inquired from whence we came? She said, "O I am so dreadfully afraid the British will get into town." I replied, "Do not be afraid, madam, we will beat them!" She replied, "I would to God you may; for I am dreadfully afraid of them!" I have often thought of this good woman since, and felt much sympathy for her distressed situation of mind. - Fear is worse than death! It is highly probable, as Dr. Young says,

"We feel a thousand deaths in fearing one!"

The sorrows of both death and hell,
Around me in huge billows swell;
I call on thee for aid;
Their deep-laid snares prevent my soul,
And o'er my head the billows roll;
O Lord, I am afraid.

Thus did I call in my distress,
Upon the Lord, my righteousness,
He heard me from on high,
My prayer ascended to his ears,
He saved me from my rising fears—
I found his presence nigh.

Then from his awful count'nance broke
The lightnings flame and curling smoke;
He bow'd the heav'ns on high;
Thick gloom beneath his feet was roll'd,
A cherub's flight his swiftness told,
As he came down the sky.

Darkness his secret place on high,
Careering tempests round him fly,
Upon their wings he rode;
Dark waters his pavilion spread,
And the thick clouds around his head,
Proclaim the awful God!

The brightness of his blessed face,
Reveal'd himself the God of grace;
The thick clouds pass'd away—
Hailstones and coals of fire appear;
The thunders spoke Jehovah near,
On that important day.

For when the highest gave his voice,
It bade my mourning soul rejoice;
My enemies all fled;
He shot his arrows from on high,
And, lo, my trembling foes all fly,
And seek to hide in shade.

He sent salvation from above,
And drew me out with cords of love,
From depths as dark as death—
The channels of the deep were bar'd,
When God against my foes appear'd,
They scatter'd at his breath.

The deep foundations of the world,
Were from their solid bases hurl'd;
At thy rebuke they fly;
A blast of thy Almighty breath,
Discloses all the shades of death,
And brings salvation nigh.

Although mine enemies were strong,
Deliv'rance did not tarry long;
Thine arm has been my stay;
Thou hast enlarged my former place,
And brought me forth to see thy face,
In thine appointed way.

My soul forever shall record
The loving kindness of my Lord;
I'll triumph in his sight;
For I have learned his holy ways,
He is the Lord my righteousness;
And I am his delight.

The Lord will give a fit reward;
None but clean hands surround his board;
He loves the soul sincere—
But those who wickedly depart
From him, with sorrows pierce their heart;
He hears the righteous prayer.

Thy judgments are before my face,
According to my righteousness,
Thou wilt my soul reward;
But those who are to sin inclin'd,
The sinner's pathway hard shall find;
For they offend the Lord!

Mercy, and love, and purity,
Belong exclusively to thee;
High looks thou wilt bring down—
But the afflicted thou wilt save,
And bring him from the loathsome grave,
To wear a starry crown.

EPITAPH FOR E. A. C.

An Infant aged 19 days.

NINETEEN days—a narrow space,
Ere I reach the appointed place:
But you see, lo, here I lie,—
Man was born to weep and die!
Reader, for thy lot prepare—
Thou wilt shortly meet me here!

NOT FOND OF PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN.

I AM not fond of Lawyers, sir, nor are they fond of me,
 For never yet but thrice have I paid one the smallest fee;
 But if the neighbors were like I, these men would save
 their breath—

For we would live on peaceful terms, and starve them
 all to death!

I am not fond of Doctors, sir, nor are they fond of me—
 For yet, in all my life, I've dealt with only two or three;
 But if the neighbors were like I, those men would save
 their pills,

For I'm afraid of calomel, and fear the lancet kills!

I am not fond of Tutors, sir, nor are they fond of me—
 Besides, you know, two of a trade can never well agree;
 But if the neighbors were like I, no children would they
 have,

And then the tutors all would go in silence to the grave!

LOVE TO GOD UNSPEAKABLE.

I LOVE thee, my Savior—thus far I am certain:
 The glory of heaven must speak all the rest;
 Thou knowest I cannot till death draws the curtain,
 And I am permitted to shout with the bless'd:—
 O then I'll begin with the transporting story,
 And tell of thy love, thy salvation, and glory;
 But still with an endless duration before me,
 The tale of redemption can ne'er be express'd.

The flame of thy love shall rise higher and higher,
And, like thy perfections, no limits shall know;
Each view will increase the celestial fire,
And to ceaseless ages those raptures will glow:
The song of free grace shall have no limitation;
'Tis glory, and honor, and endless salvation
To Jesus, from each tongue, and kindred, and nation;
And world without end shall those symphonies flow.

I love thee, my Savior, and that thou well knowest—
O read on my heart what thy love has wrote there;
I am pleas'd with thy laws and all that thou still doest—
And in my professions thou know'st I'm sincere!
When all creature-comforts shall from me be riven,
In thee I have comfort, and pleasure, and heaven;
Thy spirit assures me my sins are forgiven,—
And what is still better, thou always art near!

O when shall I rise to the blessed enjoyment
Of those radiant glories that beam round his throne?
Be singing and praising my constant employment,
Until I shall drink of those pleasures unknown:
Farewell to the shadows that strike on my vision,
The scoffs of the wicked and all their derision;
I rise to those pleasures far more than—Elysian,
And sit down with Jesus upon his bright throne!

EPITAPH—ON A LIBERTINE.

THIS is but a world of sorrow;
Live to-day—and die to-morrow;
Death has ended thy long doubt,
All thy prospects are struck out!

PSALM I.

HAPPY the man that still doth shun
 The way in which th' ungodly run;
 Who takes not counsel at their hands,
 Nor in the way of sinners stands.

He will avoid th' unhallow'd seat
 Where sons of belial may retreat;
 The atheist he cannot bear;
 He knows that the profane are there!

He loves to read by morning light,
 And meditates both day and night;
 The records of his Maker's will
 Are his delight and business still.

He, as a stately tree, shall grow
 Where genial streamlets gently flow;
 While from his strong and nurtur'd root,
 Shall blossoms all immortal shoot.

His fruit in season shall be seen;
 His leaf shall flourish, ever green;
 For heaven on his works shall shine,
 And show his deeds are all divine.

But the ungodly are not so,—
 For when careering tempests blow,
 They shall as chaff afar be driv'n,
 And scatter'd by the breath of heav'n.

They, in the judgment, shall not stand
The Judge's just avenging hand;
He shall appoint their souls a place,
Remov'd from all the righteous race.

Th' ungodly and the pious too,
Are always in Jehovah's view;
He knows the righteous man full well,
But turns transgressors down to hell.

WHAT IS MAN MADE FOR?

WHAT is man made for—did you say?
To squander precious time away?
To eat and sleep, and sport, and drink,
And to unconscious nothing sink?

To eat and drink?—crows do the same;
Nor do we think those birds to blame;
And so will the mean, filthy swine,
And ev'ry other sort of kine!

Just give a pig enough to eat,
He tramps the rest beneath his feet;
And he will grunt and snore away
The residue of his short day!

Avaunt!—Ye wiser than your Lord,
Who now has left it on record,
That they who sleep shall wake, too late,
In an eternal—changeless state.

'Tis time, ye dunces, to be wise,
Lest death unseal your sleeping eyes;
If mis'ry follow in the rear,
Alas! there is no sleeping there!

THE 47TH PSALM.

O FOR a general burst of joy,
To God the universal king;
Let all their hearts and hands employ,
And songs of triumph gladly bring.

Jesus, the God, ascends above—
Attendant angels shout him nigh;
He reigns the Lord of life and love,
And now he lives no more to die!

Let trumps of lucid gold proclaim
The honors of our great High Priest;
He lives!—and glory to his name,
Engraves his people on his breast.

With holy zeal—with awe profound—
Thy praise, O King, we would rehearse;
When angels fall before the sound,
Let man bring no unmeaning verse!

In Jacob was thy place of old,
Israel was thy peculiar race;
But thou hast, Lord, another fold,
And Gentiles learn thy righteousness.

The heathen tribes shall all submit—
For 'tis to thee the pow'r belongs;
And princes of the people sit,
And crown thee in their choral songs.

Reign, O thou great Jehovah, reign;
The shields of all the earth are thine;
Let thy religion rear her fane,
And on the darkest nations shine.

THERE IS A DAY.

THERE is a day without a night,
A sun that shall forever shine;
That day has everlasting light,
That sun beams with a light divine.

There is a day without a cloud,
A clime where tempests never rise,
No darkness shall that day enshroud,
That clime is far beyond these skies.

There is a day forever bright,
A place that can no changes know;
That day will yield supreme delight,
That place retains no shade of woe.

There is a day that has no end,
An atmosphere that's all serene;
That day its moments cannot spend,
That atmosphere shall deck the scene.

There is a day that ends my grief,
A calm that ne'er shall cause a sigh;
That day shall give me full relief,
That calm o'erspreads a higher sky.

There is a day where Jesus reigns,
A land where all the Christians meet;
That day dissolves the mourner's chains,
That land has happiness complete.

That day, that sun, that atmosphere,
That clime, that land, that light is mine;
That Jesus is my Savior here,
And calms and tempests, Lord, are thine!

That place I hope through thee to find,
That calm retreat I shall obtain;
And leaving earthly cares behind,
With thee, my God, forever reign!

THE SPIRIT.—JOB IV, 13-21.

IN thoughts from visions of returning night,
When slumbers deep had veil'd my mortal sight,
Fear came upon me, and my bones did shake,—
A spirit pass'd that caused my flesh to quake;—
My hair stood up—the form I could not see,
Yet—it stood still—an image still to me!—
Deep silence reign'd—I heard a voice:—"O dust,
Shall mortal man than heaven be more just?
Shall he pretend to greater purity?
He trusts not man, and angels fools may be:

If so, what trust repose in forms of clay,
Who dwell in dust and soon must pass away?
Crush'd as we are before the feeble moth,
Spoil'd as it spoils the beauty of the cloth?
From dust we came—to dust must we return;
Thus man must perish with the coming morn!
From morn till evening onward doth he glide,
His excellency will not long abide;
And with his utmost pomp and glitt'ring show,
He lives and dies, at best, a fool below!"

LINES.

Inscribed to Miss S. B.

WHEN all those stars that gild yon glitt'ring arch,
And sun and moon shall cease their shining march,
When this unwieldy globe shall sink in fire,
Then shall Susannah, deathless as her sire,
Safe from disease and ev'ry dread decline,
In all the vigor of an angel shine.

EPITAPH FOR W. S.—AGED TWO YEARS.

SNATCH'D away in early bloom,
From the cradle to the tomb;
Cruel death, thou tyrant grim,
Thinks of who think not on him!
Man, awake—he's always nigh,—
Who will next be call'd to die?

THE PRESENCE OF GOD DESIRABLE.

LET poets tell of bubbling springs,
 And paint the shady grove;
 To me they are unheeded things,
 If God withdraws his love.

Jesus, the object of my hope,
 Has set my soul on flame;
 My fallen spirits soon mounts up,
 Whene'er I hear his name!

For me, He left His Father's throne
 And put on my frail form;
 And by his last expiring groan,
 He saved a sinful worm!

What shall I render to the Lord,
 For favors so divine!
 I'd praise Thy name, and trust Thy word
 To save this soul of mine.

My heart shall daily seek Thy face,
 And needed good implore,
 And when I feel my want of grace,
 Then I will ask for more.

O may my faith and zeal increase,
 And banish every fear;
 At last, Lord, bring me home in peace,
 And I will praise Thee there!

ASPIRING AFTER GOD.

IN Thee I find a constant spring,
 A secret rill of joy;
 My confidence in Thee I sing,
 And 'tis a sweet employ!

Thy being is my happiness;
 Thy grace my soul o'erflows;
 Thy word allays all my distress,
 And mitigates my woes.

Extend thy blessed wide domain;
 My roving thoughts control;
 O! exercise thy glorious reign,
 And subjugate my soul!

With all thy countless hosts above,
 I now would raise my voice;
 And as those ministers of love,
 In Thee I would rejoice.

Though not admitted to the sight
 Those holy orders see;
 Yet, Lord, Thou know'st 'tis my delight,
 With them, to worship Thee!

I love Thee, Lord;—thus far I know;
 The rest, I cannot tell;
 The tale cannot be told below;—
 It is unspeakable!

WOMAN.

To lovely woman was the promise giv'n,
 Of peace 'twixt man and much offended heav'n;
 And lovely woman, taken from man's side,
 The strongest test of virtue will abide;
 But if she lets her lawless passions reign,
 The sight of such a form would give us pain!

From lovely woman Jesus had his birth,
 And good-will reign'd, abounding on the earth;
 'Twas lovely woman wept at Jesu's feet,
 And watch'd the place of his last sad retreat;
 She saw the angel loose him from his prison,
 And cried with joy—"Indeed the Lord has risen!"

 CASE OF AN AWAKENED SINNER.

CONSCIENCE awakes each guilty fear,
 Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare;
 While grief distracts my burden'd mind,
 And death and hell pursue behind.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
 His thunders murmur round the sky;
 While dreadful flames array his throne,
 And wait impatient to be gone!

Where shall I hide my guilty head?
 O could I wrap myself in shade!

But rocks, and mountains cannot save,
 Nor midnight from the gloomy grave!

Ah, whither shall my spirit fly,
To shun his sin-avenging eye?
To Thee, I come, Incarnate God,
O sprinkle me with thy rich blood!
Then justice stern, shall frown no more;
Those precious drops shall well secure,
My soul from all attacks of sin,
And I enjoy a heaven within!
Lord, I adore that purple stream;
Thy blood is mighty to redeem;
O may it wash out ev'ry stain,
And break the grand usurper's reign!
Then shall my mind be all serene,
And conscience too shall smile within;
Thy thunders all shall be laid by,
And grief, and guilt, and fear shall fly.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF MAN SUPERIOR TO THOSE OF ANGELS.

YE saints of the Most High, attend,
And hymn your great Almighty Friend;
Proclaim His honors far abroad,
And hail the Great Incarnate God!
Not angels that surround the throne,
And chant His praise in songs unknown,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To his infinite majesty!
They never felt such depths of woe,
Nor did they ever sink so low;
They never shall be raised so high,
Nor to such heights of majesty.

Less favor'd were those heavenly pow'rs;
Their crowns are cheaper far, than ours;
For as they in God's image stood,
They never cost the Lord, his blood!
For them he shed no drops divine,
Nor did his nature with theirs join;
For them he utter'd not a groan,
But died for man, and man alone.
Then let us with the angels vie,
And let our songs ascend on high;
Our obligations are far more,
And may we more than they adore.
But, Savior-God, we must confess
Our need of thy all-quick'ning grace;
Tune thou our tongues that we may bring,
Some tribute worthy of our King.
Send down thine aid, thou Holy Dove,
And warm our hearts with heavenly love;
So shall our grov'lling songs arise,
And join the concert of the skies.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A RUSTIC TALE.

'TWAS at the age of fond eighteen,
I felt a flame—what did it mean!
Ye that have felt fam'd Cupid's dart,
Say, was it that which pierced my heart?

I met, upon the mountains high,
A maid about as old as I,
Her cheeks were of a rosy hue,
And eyes a most enchanting blue.

Her hair was of a raven black;
And hung in ringlets o'er her back;
While ev'ry feature of her face,
Shone with a most superior grace.

Most cordially I reach'd my hand,
We paused—'twas an instinctive stand—
I, fault'ring, asked—"where would you go?
The sun is getting very low!"

She said, "I'm going to yon plain;
To *morrow* father houses grain;
And I must go and cook for hands,
That do the business on his lands."

I said—"You'd better turn about;
You have a long and painful route;
Or I will keep you company,
If it agreeable should be!"

"I thank you," blushing, she said;
"I must acknowledge, I'm afraid;
For when I started first to go,
I did not think the sun so low."

In conversation on the way,
Our pathway through an orchard lay.
And then—the moon, it shone so sweet,
That, both at once we took a seat.

I look'd upon her brilliant eye,
And quite unconscious brought a sigh;
I said, "are you not tired! then rest
Your pretty form upon my breast."

How pleasantly my time did pass
In company with that sweet lass;
And when the moon had got quite low,
I hardly thought it time to go!

Oft as I saw her after that,
My simple heart went—pit-a-pat;
And though I strove to hide the flame,
I lov'd her person and her name!

But swiftly as the flying cloud,
The night my morning did enshroud;
My brightest hopes went down ere moon;
For hottest love grows coolest soon!

The angel of affliction came,
And grasp'd more woes than I can name;
The season of enchantment fled,
And darkness all my schemes o'erspread.

At length I broke loose from the ground,
That did so long my prospects bound,
And to her father's did repair,
To meet my lov'd Fidelia there.

But how shall I describe the pain,
That shock'd my heart, and shook my brain?
My hopes had, as the rainbow, fled,
Fidelia now was—more than dead!

I stepp'd into the old man's hall;
There stood the girl I thought my all;
She gave to Giles her lily hand;—
The sight I could no longer stand!

I turn'd away;—profound disgust,
And anger, made me stamp the dust;
“Fidelia’s not thy name”—I said,
“Now thou art to another wed!”

I truly feared my heart would break,
And did not of the feast partake;
But hasted off and sigh’d—“No trust
Can be attach’d to woman’s dust!

“But if you’re pleas’d, then be it so;—
Perhaps you might have wrought my woe;
For one who is so false as you,
For no one but a Giles would do!

“Then let him take his weary load,
And bear it, as the wretched toad
The harrow’s iron teeth must bear;
Thus goes the world—Giles has his share!”

But still in the dead hour of night,
Her form would float before my sight;
And still she seemed to look as gay
And charming as the bloom of May!

But since that time I’ve found that all
Is fickle on this earthly ball;
Then why should I a woman blame,
Since male and female act the same?

Whether the female, man, or boy,
They all will snatch the present joy;
Whate’er they may profess to aim,
For *profit* most will smother *shame*!

FRIENDSHIP.

Composed at the request of a young lady.

FRIENDSHIP! principle divine;
 'Tis of a celestial birth;
 Though in heaven is its shrine,
 Yet it sometimes visits earth.
 Friendship! it is more than shade;
 'Tis a home for the oppress'd;
 Thousands has it happy made,
 Wiped the tear from eyes distress'd.
 Goldsmith slander'd thy good name;
 Thou hast never left thy friend;
 Undiminished is thy flame,
 And it blazes to the end!
 Death cannot thy force destroy;
 For thou burnest in the skies;—
 In the realms of endless joy,
 Thou wilt warm all paradise!

 LOVE.

Written at the request of a young lady—on the spot.

LOVE! fairest of the heavenly train,
 That visits oft the human breast;
 In thee ten thousand beauties reign,
 That robs young Delia's mind of rest.
 When first she saw fair Edmund's eyes,
 They shot a brilliant, pleasing dart,
 That makes some strange sensations rise,
 And flutter still around her heart!

THE MARCH OF MIND,

AND THE PERFECTION OF BEING IN A FUTURE STATE.

Written in haste for a Lady;

THIS Album, worn by swiftly-rolling years,
 Though now its page a spotless white appears,
 Shall, mould'ring fall, at last, to sad decay,
 And all its glitt'ring splendors fade away.
 Not thus the beauties of young Mary's mind,—
 They shall expand, as is by heav'n design'd;
 And as the blooming, much admir'd rose,
 To future suns their various charms disclose.
 External majesty of form and grace,
 With all the lustre of the human face,
 To Time's destroying tooth, at length must yield,
 And pains and wrinkles keep the weary field.
 But mind, still marching onward, shall arise,
 Till it ascends its own, pure, native skies,
 Bathes in the fountain of eternal day,
 And flings the grosser dregs of earth away!
 When all the works of nature shall expire,
 And art shall yield to all-consuming fire,
 The mind, with Deity, shall still advance,
 And lead the Morning Stars in their bright dance!
 Yes—Mind, descended from the Eternal Sire,
 Shall live when all like matter shall expire;—
 Live with the conqu'ror on his shining throne,
 And to the Almighty's fiat add—" 'Tis done!"

And when the new creation shall appear,
And gladsome saints hail the millennial year,
The mind to heights before unknown shall soar,
And measure time by days and months no more!
Thus, Mary, shalt thou live with Deity,
Immortalized, from all corruption free;
And when thy body leaves the clay-cold tomb,
In youth eternal at his right hand bloom.

THE HOLY CITY.

THERE is a holy city where happy spirits dwell,
Beyond the raging power of satan, death, and hell;
The other side of Jordan this lovely place is found,
And Jesus, our great captain, has wall'd it well around.
It has three gates at eastward, and also on the west,
Through which ten thousands enter into their long-sought
rest;
Three gates upon the southward, and also on the north,
Through which go countless millions as waters breaking
forth.
The colors of the rainbow those wide-spread gates adorn,
The fields those gates encompass are found without a
thorn;
The walls are all of jasper—a bright transparent green,
The mansions too are golden, and beautify the scene.
The walls have twelve foundations, and made of pre-
cious stone;
The names of the apostles are graven thereupon;
The buildings too are lofty, and as in living flame,
The whole twelve tribes of Israel emblazon'd are by name

Its streets are of pure gold, and transparent as the glass,
Twelve holy angels guard them lest the unclean should
pass;

For nought that is unholy shall ever enter in;
The nature of the Godhead forbids th' approach of sin.

A river clear as crystal there issues from the throne,
The half of all its virtues was never as yet known;
It cheers the holy city, and in its gentle flow,
It oft refreshes millions while travelling below.

On this side of the river there is a sacred tree,
And by its holy foliage what numbers sav'd shall be;
It spreads its verdant branches and grows on either side,
It heals the many nations for whom the Savior died.

Amidst that holy city it spreads its branches too,
While a delightful river meanders gently through;
It runs in copious torrents, and as it sweetly runs,
It carries consolation to distant burning suns.

That city has no temple, and Jesus is its light;
Its gates are always open, and *there* there is no night;
The Lord God and the Lamb are the light of that good
place,

For there he shines effulgent with all his beams of grace.
The nations that are sav'd shall enjoy that heavenly light,
And all the radiant glory with which it shines so bright;
In centre of the city the throne they shall surround,
And charm those happy regions by an immortal sound.
The curse is there abolish'd, and death shall be no more,
And we shall reign forever on that eternal shore;
All sickness shall be banish'd, and pain forever fly;
For God shall wipe away our tears beneath that pleasant
sky.

There is an end to trouble when we obtain that rest;
Nothing can interrupt us so near our Savior's breast;
There songs of deathless triumph our happy souls shall
sing,

And hail the conqu'ring Jesus, our captain and our king.
A crown of endless glory shall decorate each brow;
The saints bear palms of vict'ry;—methinks I see them
now;

Dress'd in white robes of linen on Jesus they shall gaze,
And each succeeding prospect increase their solemn
praise.

Jesus shall be the subject of each loud-sounding song,
And all the choirs of heaven shall roll the theme along;
The plan of man's redemption demands our highest praise,
And Jesus claims the merit for his abounding grace.
We shall out-sing the angels—they never sunk so low;
Nor could they be redeem'd as we from such great
depths of woe;

Our songs shall make the heavens with endless praise
resound,

And hell's own ghastly tyrant feel an eternal wound.
Remov'd from men and devils that would our peace molest,
Recognis'd by the Savior, and gathered to His breast;
We'll meet our old companions who long had gone before,
And gladly hail each other, on that delightful shore.
Through radiant files of angels, our souls shall sweetly
move,

And each succeeding object add a new flame of love;
Enjoyments shall be various as vast eternity,
And Jesus the whole soul of those grand displays shall be.
Each of our sev'ral senses shall then the medium be,
Of various heavenly knowledge; and the whole Trinity,

Shall join to make us happy; and, think, what Godhead
can

Bestow on his Creation—his favorite creature, man!
Not all the harps of heaven could make a happy place,
If Jesus should suspend the effusions of his grace;
But we shall have his presence to all eternity,
And who can tell—can Gabriel?—how happy we shall be!
Friends, relatives are nothing—'tis Jesu's saving grace
The beatific vision of his delightful face;
The glorious effusions that from his presence flow;
These, these would light up glory in the domains of woe!
All hail! My priest and prophet, my Savior, and my king,
Thy boundless condescension, and love, I gladly sing;
The city is before me—its beauties I survey,
And through, pure mental optics, I see it far away.
O when shall I pass over into that heavenly land,
And in the holy city, take my eternal stand?
When will my Savior call me to loose from all below,
And up to that bright city to joys immortal go!

THE POT-VALIANT ATHEIST.

I KNEW a valiant atheist, who said there was no hell.
I'll say his name was Jimmerson; perhaps you knew him
well;
He would affect the gentleman, but was a perfect ape;
He hardly knew what scriptures were, in any sense or
shape.

The bible he had never read, except it were to find
A portion that he thought might suit a man of lawless
mind;

He could not quote one single verse in all the bible through,
And yet, this ass in human form would boast how much
he knew.

He said religion was priestcraft and all its precepts vain;
He follow'd, as you may suppose, the red-nosed Thomas
Paine;

His principles he did avow; but O! when he fell sick,
A single text would sting his soul—ah! to the very quick!

He said those people all were fools who made so much
outcry,

When they were in a fever-laid and thought that they
would die;

But as we trace this gentleman, you'll find it was not long,
Before he was to bed confin'd, and then he changed his
song.

The yellow fever press'd him sore; then he would roar
and cry,

“O send away for some good man; for I'm not fit to die;
If from the earth, in this sad state, my spirit now should
go,

There's nothing for me to expect, but everlasting woe!”

The preachers round the neighborhood this penitent
call'd in,

That they might pray the Lord would take away his load
of sin;

And 'tis no wonder; for, I'm sure, he had no trifling load;
His actions were as foul as SIN, and ugly as a TOAD!

“O if the Lord will spare me now,” he to the preacher said,

“In future life, I am assur’d, a diff’rent path I’ll tread.”
He often called upon his wife, who on her sick bed lay,
And, with great earnestness of soul, he press’d on her to pray.

She said—“Don’t be afraid of me—to your condition see;
If you are so dispos’d, then pray—you’ll have no let from me.”

You would have thought he was a saint, so earnest was his cry;

But how he managed this affair we’ll tell you by and by.

His sickness shortly took a turn, and Jimmerson got well,
And then he had the impudence to make a jest of hell.
His good impressions wore away, if any such he had,
And when the neighbors saw the change, they thought he was too bad!

But Jimmerson is living still—his prayers are all forgot;
But he will be called off some day whether prepared or not;

And should he die while I’m alive, I’ll write his epitaph,
“Here lies a fool who was enough—to make the devil laugh!”

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

THE man who barter’s bliss for endless woe,
Exchanges solid treasures for the show;
Outlives his hopes, and parts with gold for dross,—
Eternity alone defines his loss!

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD,

Proclaimed by the Falls of Niagara, Thunders, &c.

Go, ask Niagara, with deaf'ning roar,
Astounding those upon its rock-bound shore;
"Who form'd this volume vast of liquid force,
Sweeping, resistless, all things in its course?"
It speaks in *thunder*—" 'Tis that forming God,
Who spread yon sparkling canopy abroad;
Who metes the ocean's waters in his hand,
Who launch'd yon pond'rous spheres and form'd the land;
Who weighs the mountains in his massy scales—
Whose intellectual resource never fails,
But who remains all pow'rful and all wise,—
'The mind that rules the earth and sways the skies!"

Go, ask the thunders as they bellow round,
And shake the mountains and the solid ground:—
"Who form'd the clouds in which ye make your bed,
Or laid the floor on which ye roll o'er head?"
They roar aloud—"We are Jehovah's voice,
And call upon his chosen to rejoice;—
For though we rattle through those cloudy plains,
We plainly speak—Jehovah—Jesus reigns!"

Go, ask the lightnings, as on fiery wing,
In sportive twist, their fearless bolts they fling,
Marching sublime, in all their bright array,
Upon the storm that blots the face of day;—
They answer—" 'Tis a God that form'd us all;
We ever fly obsequious to his call;
Whether we purge the air, and thus thy breath
Prolong—or blast by unexpected death!"

BURNING OF THE M. E. BOOK CONCERN;

OR, THE WINGED MESSENGER.

Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste. Isaiah lxiv, 11.

THE fire in Joseph's house begins to burn,
And who the fury of the stroke can turn?
It breaks forth through its walls, and curling smoke,
And spirey flame surrounding ether choke!

They swell—they rage as a volcano wide,
And climb along the building's lofty side,
A dreadful emblem of that fiery day,
When all created matter melts away!

The orphan's hope is laid forever low,
The widow's cries augment the mighty woe;
And by the ruinous, afflictive blast,
The prop of thousands to the ground is cast!

But see, along the angry-looking sky,
A fiery leaf as a meteor fly;
And whirling through the thicken'd atmosphere,
It proves an om'nous—winged messenger!

“Our holy and our beauteous house, where long
Our fathers chanted the adoring song,
Is laid in ruins by devouring flame;
Our pleasant things lie waste—without a name!”

It has a voice!—Its import may be read;
Let ministers and members be afraid;
The Lord is in his holy temple;—Earth! be still
And hear the mandates of his holy will!

When luxury, venality, and pride,
Shall over any house, or church preside,
The anger of the Lord shall fiercely burn,
And all its thoughtless projects overturn.

Build, if ye please, the Lord will put you down,
And turn to shame your schemes of high renown,
Ye have forsaken good John Wesley's path,
And yet see not th' impending storm of wrath.

Our colleges and seminaries rise,
And worldly pomp has put out half our eyes;
While those—"the sent of God"—must learn to wield
All earthly learning—or—give up the field!

The *Maxfields* now—a long and useful line—
Must grammar learn—to prove their gifts divine;
God cannot now an *Amos* qualify;—
He must be learn'd by *men* to prophesy!

The *Nelsons* must their bibles all resign,
Unless their *learning* more than *parts* should shine;
There's nothing like an inspiration now,
A man can preach no more that used to plough!

The maniac-rage, for letter-learned men,
Makes presses groan with efforts from the pen;
And vainly do ye think, God never can,
Without the college, make a preaching man!

And now, to "*place these matters all at rights,*"
Our stationed preachers must conform to "*tights;*"*
Must mimic what they see—just as an ape—
And put their knock-kneed joints in some good shape!

"Is there religion," says one, "in a coat?"—
As much as in the knife that cuts your throat!
But is conformity to fashion sin?
So says the book, and conscience speaks within!

"O we are rising"—said an honest friend;
I fear our raptures in the shade will end;
"We rise!"—in what?—In fashion's giddy rule,
And prove we have not been at the right school!

Love, O how cold! how weak our charity!
I would our preachers and their charge were free;
But O, the gath'ring storm, I fear, is nigh—
The cloud already lowers o'er the sky!

My church! I love thee still, with all thy stains,
But cannot dream of music in thy chains;
Repent—reform—or else the judgment dread,
Will fall with tenfold vengeance on thy head.

THE LAST DAY.

THROUGH vistas of succeeding years, I see
The fall of Time, and his long progeny;
The works of nature and of art destroy'd,
And this wide world one vast and flaming void:
For when the Morning Stars began their lay,
And usher'd in the blushing, new-born day,

* This remark is not general.

The pow'rful arm that yonder orb sustains,
Who sheds his golden beams o'er earth's broad plains,
Resolved that, since man's desolating fall,
Had brought a with'ring curse upon us all,
He would destroy the worlds his hands had made,
And cast their growing glories in the shade;
Renew their face—their total form renew,
And make them far more bright and glorious too.
Hence, holy men that prophesied of old,
Of earth's approaching doom have long foretold;
But O, the scene must baffle human thought,
Nor can we speak its grandeur as we ought.
Our highest language fails—and words are vain;
Imagination scarcely can sustain
So grand a view,—a picture so august,—
Our brightest figures are as dark as dust;
Yet madly will my muse attempt to soar,
Then drops her wing—and is content t' adore!
Ye Morning Stars, who witness'd that grand scene,
When first the sun shone splendidly serene;
When from the mass of a chaotic night,
He bursted forth with beams of peerless bright,
Aid me,—alas! your aid is vain;—Adore!
Ye saw his brightness once—it beams no more!
His face is veil'd in sackcloth as of hair,
And noise, and flame, and thunders fill the air;
Combustion dire, and lightnings lurid flame,
And clang'rous trumpets God's approach proclaim.
See, far above those shining, twinkling balls,
That seem to be the outer works of his grand walls,
Upon a great white throne the judge descend,
And all terrestrial pomp and glory end!

Behold the glitt'ring host around his seat,—
The earth and heavens from his face retreat;
The tott'ring mountains fall—the islands fly,
And seek a shelter from his piercing eye!
Jehovah speaks in thunder from his throne;
“Go, Gabriel, go; and make my pleasure known;
Call home my sleeping saints and bid them rise,
To life, and light, and glory in the skies.”
Hast thou beheld the moon in midnight race,
As dark'ning clouds obscur'd her silver face?
A greater gloom involves her orbit now,
And crimson clothes her dark and sickly brow.
She shines no more!—The planets cease to roll,
Nor shape their courses by the distant pole;
All nature halts—and earth's strong pillars bow—
Ye infidels, your God is coming now!
Bring forth your chosen bands, Voltaire and Paine,
Tindal and Hobbes;—but ah! th' onset is vain;—
Ye shall be crush'd before the Nazarene,
And deep disgrace shall close your deathless scene.
The groaning earth announces God's descent,
Its bowels by ten thousand earthquakes rent;
The op'ning graves their long-held prey restore,
And ocean rolls her millions to the shore.
Th' illustrious dead of ancient days appear,
And those of modern date assemble there;
The twice ten thousand tongues of babbling earth,
Since their forefather, Adam, sprang to birth,
Down to that last but great decisive day,
When truth shall reign with an impartial sway.
Insatiate Death disgorges his long trust,
And millions leave their iron sleep in dust;

But O, what num'rous forms that day must yield,
When all mankind are brought in one vast field!
The crumbling mausoleums of the great,
And all the pomp and pride of regal state,
Shall sink, amid the all-devouring flame,
Nor leave one single vestige of a name!

But see, Jehóvah on his awful throne,
Proceeds to make his great decision known;
A court of clouds his grand pavilion spread,
And blazing lightnings play around his head.
Legions of angels roll his fiery car,
And all the august forms of heav'n are there;
Principalities, and pow'rs, and dignities,
And seraphs in their various high degrees.
To right and left the mingled crowds depart,
But O, what myriads with an aching heart;
Yet O! the joys that thrill the pious breast,
When by his Lord he stands—a saint confest!
Behold the Savior to the righteous turn;
No blighting lightnings in his count'nance burn;
With smiles that brighten heav'n's vast expanse,
He makes the hearts of joyful millions dance:—
“Come hither, all ye blessed of the Lord,
Enter my joys and share the vast reward;”
Applauding angels hear and shout—“’Tis done!
The glory be to God’s Eternal Son!”
But to the hopeless crowd upon the left,
Of ev’ry good in earth and heav’n bereft,
He turns indignant—and lo! ere he speaks,
From his stern brow the fiery vengeance breaks:—
“Go, ye accurs’d, my angry presence fly,
So justly doom’d by your own deeds to die;

Go, heir the meed of infamy and shame,
Go, dwell forever with devouring flame.
The place for fiends of hell prepar'd—not *you*;
Such is the portion to the rebel due!"

See now the hopeless, helpless sinner go;—
He must explore the sad domains of woe;
From point to point on fiery billows toss'd,
In the unfathomable lake forever lost.

But see king Jesus on his shining throne,
Lead all the blood-bought throng in triumph on,
The everlasting doors are open'd wide,
And he acknowledges his lawful bride.

The righteous now in long procession move,
And take those seats prepared for them above;
Loud hallelujahs grace the grand display,
And crowns of life that never fade away.

Immortal are their faculties—renewed
In spirit, soul, and body, pure and good;
A model of the image all divine,
In God's eternal kingdom they shall shine.

STANZAS.

Sacred to the memory of CAROLINE ELIZABETH, daughter of Dr.
F. A. McNEILL, of Shepherdstown, who departed this life, July
23d, 1834, aged 11 months and 12 days.

LOVELY, blooming, short-lived flow'r,
Tender as the op'ning rose,
With'ring beauty of an hour,
How I long for thy repose!

There's a rest beneath the sod,
For the way-worn pilgrim found,
When his soul is with his God,
And his relics under ground.

Child! how transient was thy stay!
Life is but a bitter cup;
Thou hast turn'd thy head away,
Didst not stay to drink it up!

Born to suffer for a time,
Thou hadst just begun to sip,
When from yonder healthful clime,
Angels bore it from thy lip!

Go, thou infant spirit, go;
Thou hast sweeter draughts above;
There the mass of human woe,
Is dissolved in streams of love.

Child! it is a blest exchange;
Why should thy fond parents weep?
In eternal pleasures range;
Bid their fruitless sorrows sleep.

Mother! check thy falling tear;
To thy God thy babe resign;
Death can never reach it there,—
Let its God through life be thine.

Father! see, thy infant now
Sings before the sparkling throne;
Youth forever decks its brow;
Amen;—let God's will be done!

Yes—we yield thee to the grave;
 Grave! retain thy sacred trust;
 Jesus mighty is to save:
 He shall animate thy dust.

Hark!—It is the trumpet's sound!
 Jesus bids our dust to fly;
 "Rise, ye tenants under ground;
 Live—and live no more to die!"

REFLECTIONS

On the death of Mr. GEORGE W. SHUTT, of Shepherdstown, who
 departed this life December 25th, 1835.

WHAT sad reflections now my mind steal o'er!
 My soul with mournful thought it fills of time
 The last, on which my friend in yonder house,
 To worship with his usual warmth was seen.
 It was a moment sacred to God, sons,
 When they in union mingled sweet, and told
 To friends surrounding them, their fears and hopes,—
 Their prospects of a better world than this,
 More during far, where sorrows never come.
 It was a hallow'd hour with my friend!
 He spoke:— "'Tis probably the latest time
 "That I my gospel-hopes, in God's own house,
 May have a chance to express:—how bright
 Are they! and I am blest with peace serene,
 As calm as summer's eve that shuts the rose:—
 My days devote to God shall be, or few,
 Or many, if long life to me he dole."

No more he said; but with that modesty,
That Christian grace, peculiar to himself,
Retired to his seat; while holy joy
The house illuminated all, and shed
A genial warmth through ev'ry Christian's breast.
I look'd upon his blooming cheeks,—the rose
Its ruddy beauties all had planted there:
His fine and flashing eye shone full of life:
I inly breathed the prayer—"Long may'st thou live!"
That prayer was heard!—He is immortal now!
But, O! how changed is all the living man!
The ruddy hue his cheeks has left; his eye
With living fire that flashed is closed,
And cold, damp chills of death sit on his brow.
In yonder lonely grave-yard now he lies,
Close in a narrow coffin pent his manly limbs!
Methinks I sometimes hear him speak,—I look,—
He is not there! I missed him in the house
Devote to prayer and solemn hymns of praise;
But now I miss him more! for who shall lead
The high-toned choral hymn with equal skill?
I hear his song no more;—'tis hush'd in death!
My valued friend I long'd to see, before
The clammy sweat of death his hue had changed!
But 'twas a priv'leg'd sight—to few allow'd!
Physicians had an interdiction laid;
More cruel they than death, who makes, at once,
An end to human sufferings below:
But since my friend is happy, I am blest!
I only wait the time that lays my head,
Weary and faint with all life's ills, the sod
Beneath, in yonder cemetery crown'd

With stones of rudest shape, or marble slabs,
Polish'd and letter'd by the artist's skill.
Who these plain, unembellish'd lines shall see
Little care I, could I but justice do
For him whose character I fain would draw:—
He had a soul of no mean, common mould;
Disinterested, gen'rous, and sincere;—
A Methodist of Nature's finest stamp;—
A Christian *in* the house of God and *out*;—
(And, thank God, some there are in ev'ry church,
Who carry their credentials as they go;)
In walk consistent—conversation too—
A moving lamp of life to all around,
Who seem'd to say by his example good,
"Follow thou me:—no doubtful track I tread:
My Savior walk'd this very path before!"
But, 'tis enough! praise can't affect him now;
And out of censure's reach he ever sits.
That *over-squeamishness* I hate, that holds
From those due praise who in their Savior die,
Since all the glory we to God ascribe.
'Twas grace that made my friend a shining light;
'Twas grace his heart subdued, and led his way
To scenes more bright and joys above the sky.
There shall our favor'd friend in triumph sit,
And there with pleasure, tell his conquests o'er.
Under the shadow of the Tree of Life, shall he
His weary and once dying head recline;
Or pluck those sweet ambrosial fruits, that hang
In richest clusters on the heav'nly vine,
Where sin, and pain, and death can never come.
My friend, farewell! thy Savior call'd thee home,

Too soon, alas! for our fond hearts; but we
Resign to his most holy will our dearest ties.
Thy grace for all can make amends, and wipe
The gushing tear bedewing every face.
Again, I say, adieu! The mould'ring tombs, ere long,
By Gabriel's voice, and earthquakes, rent, their dead
So numerous shall yield; their iron sleep
Shall broken be, and death give up his prey:
Then from the dust my friend shall wake and sing
Eternal hallelujahs to the Lamb.

THE SABBATH.

IN the bleak winter of the longest life,
When man no more is with his God at strife;
When he surveys his restless wand'rings o'er,
Looks back—then forward—to that untried shore,
The Sabbath is his shortest, pleasant day,
And O, too soon for him it flits away;—
It seems a foretaste of long spring to come;
That shelt'ring port—his everlasting home.

To ev'ry new-born soul the Sabbath morn,
Seems like the first that did our world adorn;
Time is an angel lately from the skies,
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And Time's bright hour-glass running sands of gold;
For God in all his mental eyes behold;
And each succeeding object of his sight,
Fills him with true emotions of delight.

A God of goodness ev'ry where he sees;
His beauty blooms in men, herbs, plants, and trees;
While yon bright orb his golden radiance flings
Across his path, and speaks the God he sings.
Now objects overlook'd on other days,
Arrest his eye and give him cause for praise;
Now on their face he looks, he loves to dwell,
And O! his gratitude, what tongue can tell!

When silence reigns among the works of men,
The works of God have leave to praise him then
With louder voice, in earth, and air, and sea,—
It seems as if the world kept jubilee.
The vital spirit of the Living One
Pervades all nature, as the wide-spread sun;
And breathing round the gentle air of heaven,
Sheds o'er one day the halcyon calm of sev'n!

Sight is not needed now to bring Him near;
Faith does the work, and says—"Thy God is here!"
The soul is struck by an admiring awe,
And he cries out—"O, how I love thy law!"
Thus while in God's own house faith's quick'ning pow'r
Sheds brighter glory on the sacred hour;
And on God's holy day the air of heav'n,
Breathes o'er the soul the hallow'd charm of sev'n.

FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK.

Who scorn thee, Holy Day, set heaven at nought,
And push eternity from human thought;
Heav'n would wear out, whom one short day would tire,
Nor could its joys one transient bliss inspire;

Emblem and earnest of eternal rest,
A festival with fruits celestial blest;—
A jubilee that frees the mind from earth,
When saints recur to their supernal birth.

It gives new vigor to the languid mind,
And peace and solid joy around we find;
The pulse for immortality beats high,
And Christians dwell, like Uriel, in the sky.
The wandering foot the Sabbath will restore,
The weak it strengthens, and they fall no more;
The ling'ring pace, it quickens—prone to slip,
It keeps, and holds heaven's nectar to their lip.

It lifts the sinking feet from miry clay,
And sets them in a safe and pleasant way,
Establishes their goings on a rock,
The rock that shall withstand time's latest shock.
The Sabbath cheers the pilgrim's darkest day,
And strews with flowers divine the good old way;
It is a waymark that defines his road,
And leads him to the bosom of his God!

LIBERTY.

OF Liberty, I sing; divine; blood bought:
Not that for which the hero spends his life,
And nothing gains, but sores, and wounds, and blood;
Whose name with perishable earth expires;
Though men may bolster high his fleeting fame,
And in a mournful dirge sing—"HERE HE LIES!"

All liberty, but that from heaven, is vain;
'Tis transitory, unsubstantial all;
And often as the morning cloud, retires
Before the burdens of life's brief day close:—
Or, if at best, to latest day it reach,
The bubble breaks—we die—it is no more!
'Tis true;—another unsubstantial thing,
By men call'd—Fame—comes in its place to fill:
But what is it—a breeze, a blast of breath,—
Rhodomontade—a merely empty sound,
Vociferated by the crowd: The wise,
Turn'd fools, the sound repeat, and give
The man a kind of immortality!
Immediately to work they fall;
A pompous pile, or funeral bust they raise,
To speak in letter'd style his mighty deeds,
And tell on hist'ry's lengthy, golden page
A thousand things—the good man never did!
But 'tis connatural with man, to cherish long,
The names of those who from their country well
Deserve.—Our benefactors should be praised,
If eulogy is well bestow'd who blames?
None but those rigid souls who hate a name,
That they are destined ne'er by deeds to wear,
Upon the undeserving praise bestow'd,
Is fulsome as the jewel in swine's snout!
But there was one to whom belong'd the meed,
And all the praise to man we dare to give:
But he is gone; and nobler tongues than mine
His fame shall speak.—His monument is raised,
And high it stands, in pyramidal form,
And far above the city doth it rear

Its proud and marble front.—It seems to say,
“The father of his country, Washington,
His val’rous deeds emblazon’d high, stands here!
For Liberty he fought, and gain’d it too,
If we, his offspring, basely do not sell
What he, and others, bought at price so dear!”
This brings me to my theme once more! I sing
That liberty that frees my soul, when held
In thralldom vile to sinful appetites;
By passions much debased and sunk below
The brute that downward to the earth returns.
Man’s origin is high;—his grandeur swells
The clouds above, and kin with God he claims,
A transcript of his own eternity!
But sin had crushed him low, when Christ restor’d,
And raised his nature, fallen, to a height
On which he may securely stand, and bid
Defiance to the darts of death, and dare
His enemy his worst to do; for God
His efforts baffles, and the serpent goes
With disappointed hopes to his own place.
Jesus, for man obtain’d the precious boon;
The gift of life and liberty untold.
To say, “I’M FREE;”—is saying much; but, O!
To feel our nature changed, and vile desire
Curb’d, brought in proper bounds, and slain, no more
To rise, is heaven’s greatest blessing far!
My nature, prone to evil, is subdued;
To God my warm affections purely rise;
As pure as gales from Eden’s peaceful grounds,
Ere father Adam broke his Maker’s laws!
O, what a privilege is this! How free
Are they who breathe this sweet and healthful air?

The soul holds converse with its God, and dwells,
Like Uriel, in the skies—his house above;
Though, for awhile, to one of clay confin'd.

O this is liberty divine indeed!

This liberty exalts, refines the soul,—

And fit it makes it for superior bliss,

Where Death is swallowed up of endless life!

Give me, while 'mid the busy crowd of men,

The bustle and the noise of this vain world,

The liberty my minstrel now would sing,

I'd hug it to my breast and say, "Vain world!

My God is mine, and I am His! my joys

Surpass the transient bliss of those whose heads

Are studded with earth's richest diadems!"

This Liberty my theme shall be:—

I'm walking through Immanuel's land,—its length

And breadth I now, through faith, survey;

The city of my God I see—Her palaces,

Her bulwarks, and her tow'rs around I trace.

This is the privilege of all by faith who walk;

She lends her optics to the weak; her sight

Is strong, and pierces far beyond this gloom.

She looks out o'er the narrow frith

Of life, and sees in endless prospects rise

Ten thousand new enjoyments.—'Tis a seat

Of calm repose and everlasting rest.

But now at distance from my home I am;

An exile still;—far from my father's house.

Soon will he say—"It is enough! come up!

Thy life and labors close at once; thy toils

Are o'er; and all thy trials have an end!"

When I shall hear those welcome words—Adieu,

My friends; my brethren in the Lord farewell!

My Lord has made me free indeed! My sun
No more in sorrow's doubtful gloom shall set;
But flings its bright'ning radiance through the skies.
To other worlds I speed my upward flight.
See, I am out of sight; but still I rise
On pinions which for me my Savior bought.
I'm higher still;—beyond the milky way;—
Beyond where Georgium Sidus rolls his car,
And wheels his flight through more than fourscore years.
Hail, hallelujah! I am scarce on God's
Amazing broad frontier! but onward still
I go to higher skies and purer air,
Where only spotless, happy spirits dwell!
I'm free!—I'm rising still!—at length I see
The holy city rise to view!—my spirit's fill'd
With strange delight and extacies unknown.
Up to those pearly gates I dare not go,
Were not my Savior there; His smiles create
Fresh confidence, and I my King approach!
'Tis well I am immortal, otherwise
The sight my spirit would dissolve; and crush
A tenement of dust and make me nought!
But Thou, the Saviour of the world, and mine,
Hast made me thine, by deathless, changeless ties,
And I, a weak, and helpless worm shall live;
Live One with Thee, my God! and swell the hymn,
The choral hymn of heaven, to him who wash'd
Us in His blood, and made us kings and priests
To Thee; and pillars in Thy heavenly dome,
Whence we no more shall rove—forever bless'd.
O! this is liberty for which 'tis bliss to die;—
I ask no more—God's presence is enough!

ALL HAIL TO COLUMBIA.

ALL hail to Columbia!—the land that we tread,
 The tomb of the great, the illustrious dead;—
 The spirits that ruled and presided in war,
 Directed our counsels and roll'd Freedom's car:
 The truest of hearts that have ever yet bled,
 A halo of honors encircle their head;
 They sleep in their glory—an undaunted host,—
 The pride of their children—their country's high boast!

All hail to Columbia! No slave shall walk here;
 Our feet are unchained and as free—as the air;
 And long shall the billows of yonder broad sea,
 Re-echo in thunder—"Columbia's free!"

"Our Fathers" came over the face of the deep,
 To seek for a home where in peace they might sleep:
 They left far behind them the cowardly slave,
 Resolved not to welter in their *living* grave!

All hail to Columbia! "Our Fathers" were just;
 And meaner than they must have sunk to the dust;
 But dauntless and cheerful, toils sternly they bore,
 And what depress'd vassals, impell'd them to *soar*!
 They dared to face danger in every form,
 And met, without murm'ring, the heart of the storm;
 For freedom they fought—and for freedom they die;
 And now in its hot-bed their relics shall lie!

All hail to Columbia! On Bunker-hill's height,
 "Our Fathers" engaged with the lion in fight;

But firm as the pillars of heaven they stood,
And wrote our dear rights with the streams of their blood!
The lion was wounded, and shaking his mane,
He measured his steps to his lair back again;
Forever remember'd be th' auspicious day,
When blood from our foe wash'd his footsteps away!

All hail to Columbia! the land of my birth,
The fairest and best brightest spot on the earth;
In vain shall we search for a land like to thee,
The home of the brave and the port of the free!
Here Liberty raises her glorious crest,
And th' Eagle will shelter the young of her nest;
Here learning and science their standard shall rear,
And arts and religion shall both triumph here.

All hail to Columbia! The unshaken rock;
Thou firmly hast stood 'gainst the tyrant's rude shock;
And shall I forget thee, my country?—O no!
No—never so long as my life-blood shall flow!
The wreathes of fair freedom thy brow shall entwine;
And we will repose in the shade of thy vine:
Thy hand shall be ready to aid the oppress'd,
And in thy soft bosom the exile shall rest.

All hail to Columbia! Though tyrants should pour
Their mischievous vengeance against our firm shere,
And navies flock round us as ducks to the pool,
The peals of our cannon shall be their best school!
Our cause still shall prosper; for heaven is just;
In Him we rely with an unshaken trust;
Our shield and our buckler, our tower he'll be,
At home and abroad, on the land, and on sea!

All hail to Columbia! "Our fathers" are dead;
A halo of glory encircles their bed;
The structure they rear'd shall their deeds best proclaim,
Th' unfading memorial of Time's highest fame!
Thy children shall copy the deeds of the sire,
And virtue and valor their bosoms inspire;
Thus long shall thy sons and thy daughters enjoy
Those blessings that none but themselves can destroy!

Composed at the request of a little girl five years of age.

ETERNAL Father! heavenly king,
Aid thou mine infant lips to sing;
Teach me to lisp thy sacred name,
And let my life thy praise proclaim.
Make me as thou, my Savior art,
And live thyself within my heart;
May I more wise, and pious grow,
And serve Thee fully here below.
But as I grow to riper age,
Do thou my wand'ring thoughts engage;
Protect me from each hidden snare,
And may I find thee always near.
When that important hour draws nigh,
That I must yield my breath—and die!
O may the comforts of thy word,
A balm to me in death afford.
Then shall I gently sink to rest,
As yonder orb sinks in the west;
But rise with more resplendant light,
To shine in God's own image bright.

LEVIS.*

A REAL CHARACTER.

Now Levis was a citizen
 Of known and good repute;
 He thought himself a gentleman,
 And wore a handsome suit.
 As self-important as the fowl,
 That struts by yonder hen,
 So Levis walk'd and dash'd about
 Among his fellow men.
 As any man along the vale,
 He wore a fine cravat;
 And when he went abroad he wore
 A large three-corner'd hat.
 His horses all were very fine,
 And of a noble breed;
 And when but fairly mounted, he
 Went with a death-like speed.
 Or if at leisure he did go,
 He spread his feet full wide;
 And as he rode survey'd himself,
 And look'd from side to side,
 He had a tongue that never tired,
 But still was full of glee;
 And in the neighborhood around,
 No man so rich as he.

*The Latin word for light.

His hounds and horses were in trim,
As ev'ry body knows;
The former knew a bugle well
As any horn that blows.

If Levis could but be with these,
And chase the fox to death,
He then was in his element,
And drew his proper breath.

The wild cats on the distant hills,
Knew Levis, far and nigh;
And when they heard his bugle-horn,
Would to their coverts fly.

But now and then he would nab one,
In spite of all their skill;
And "Tally-ho" would echo round,
To ev'ry distant hill.

Now this good man possess'd a shop,
And merchandize he sold;
And from the miser's purse, he drew
A pretty heap of gold.

The country clown was too, induced,
With him to spend his pence;
And then—would curse his stars, to find
He had no better sense.

But Levis still would cry out—"Cheap,
And elegant, and new;
Besides it is so good for wear,
And very handsome too."

But notwithstanding he made much
Yet daily he spent more;
Till from a merchant he became
Intolerably poor.

But having a grand pack of hounds,
He follow'd up his game;
Till for a "mighty hunter" he
Extended far his name.

The profits of his skins and furs,
By private auction sold,
Increas'd his means until he found,
Once more a lump of gold.

He purchas'd then a little farm,
And well he till'd the ground,
And for a quite industrious man,
Was known to all around.

But what was better far than all,
He married a rich wife;
Affectionate as she was rich,
But short indeed her life.

For death came on with rav'nous speed,
And bore his wife away;
But—he was rich!—for in his hands,
His wife's possessions lay.

Yet, very soon, he changed his state;
He took a wife again,
Who never sunder'd from his arms,
Till death destroy'd the chain:

For while he dream'd of hounds and hares,
And chas'd the fox to death,
Along came hunter, Death, one day,
And robb'd him of his breath.

His goods were scatter'd far and wide,
Among his greedy heirs;
And while they scrambled for *their* part,
The worms made sure of theirs!

But what became of this man's soul,
Is quite another thing;
Perhaps the devil—laid his claim—
Or took it—on the wing!

However this great matter be;
His body's now at rest;
And loads of monumental clay,
Are heap'd upon his breast.

STANZAS.

Written on the brilliant and glorious victory of General Andrew Jackson over the British at New Orleans, January, 1815.

To Thee, great Lord of all above,
Ruler supreme o'er earth and sea;
We fall before Thy throne of love,
And pay our homage unto Thee.
We know 'twas thy Almighty pow'r
First spoke our nation into name;
And every day, and every hour.
Thy matchless goodness doth proclaim.

What we ourselves cannot effect,
Thine own Almighty arm shall do;
Thou wilt all haughty kings reject,
But bear republics conqu'rors through.
When Britons, filled with pride and rage,
Marched through our capitol in haste,
And naught could their vain hopes assuage,
Of laying Baltimore quite waste;

Thou didst reveal Thy glorious arm,
And by our cannon's thund'ring roar,
Didst save its citizens from harm,
And drove them from our happy shore.
But still intent—on mischief bound—
They sailed round to the New Orleans,
And came upon our peaceful ground,
To wrest from us our sugar canes!

Instead of sugar—ah! they found
Hot Coffee, mortal to their taste,
So that at length they left the ground,
And all their hopes were nigh laid waste.
Then JACKSON, our great general,
Empower'd by Almighty skill,
Let loose his arms both great and small,
And did some thousands of them kill!

They could not even pierce the walls
Of cotton—pack'd in solid bales,—
So Pakenham their gen'ral falls,
And every British effort fails!
And should they yet attempt our land,
We will again *their cotton try*;
And pray the Lord will lend His hand,
And be our helper ever nigh!

Thine is the victory, O Lord!
But JACKSON is thy instrument;
We thank thee for his conqu'ring sword,
And ev'ry blessing thou hast sent.
Now if the British come again,
With reinforcements to our shore;
May they submit—or else be slain—
Or driven to return no more.

Thus shall our land have peace and rest,
And we will own thy gracious hand:
So shalt Thou stand alone confest,
The glorious bulwark of our land.
Thus arts and sciences shall rise,
And commerce lift her drooping head,
And all the blessings of the skies,
Their grateful odors round us shed.

Religion too shall rear her fane,
In splendor through America;
And God's own Son himself shall reign
In all the charms of Gospel-day!
Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

THE OLD MAN'S MARRIAGE, AND HIS WIFE CURED OF SCOLDING.

Founded on fact.

THERE was an old man in the West,
Poor silly soul! he could not rest,
Till he obtained a sweet young wife,
To soothe the sorrows of his life.
From morn till eve her tongue would run;
For maids and servants 'twas fine fun;
But to her husband, good old soul!
Her voice did like piano roll.
He thought her beautiful and fair,
So prettily she comb'd his hair;
But to the good old man's surprize,
It made him open both his eyes.
And thus her tongue began to play;—
“You scorch your shins the live-long day;
Had I but married some young sot,
Far better would have been my lot.
Just like a hen tied by the leg,
You will not move yourself a peg;
A man carved from a block would do,
To ev'ry purpose good as you!

And when I do retire at night,
I turn and turn till morning's light,
Your flesh is cold as Erie ice;
A man should not get married twice!"
The old man listen'd to her lay,
And scarcely knew what he should say;
At length, just as the torrent pours,
The old man broke and thus he roars:
"What you have spoken is too true;
I *was* a fool to marry you,
Or take an ingrate to my bed,
Who would not care if I was dead!
But still I have the ready cash,
And, though I'm old, can cut a dash,
I'll go and hire some old shrew,
Who has a tongue to match with you!
But since you think I am too old,
Lie by yourself and keep from cold;
I would not wish to break your rest;—
So now determine what is best!"
All dress'd in his late wedding suit,
The old man now drew on his boot;
"I find, said he, 'tis hard to part;—
But this young creature breaks my heart!
To my attorney I will go;
For matters never shall rest so;
I'll alter my too hasty will;
I'll keep my riches with me still!
She shall not have one single sous,
Of any thing about my house;—
For at the first she was but poor,
And at my death she'll be no more!"
As one may very well expect,
This lecture had a good effect;
It changed the conduct of his wife,
So that they led a peaceful life!
For when the old man fain would start,
She cried, "Oh no! 'twill break my heart;
Besides, you now are growing old;
Indeed you cannot stand the cold.
I do insist you shall not go;
How could my husband serve me so?

I know I scolded, that is truth;—
But you'll forgive a trick of youth!"
"It will not do, said the old man,
I bear as much as any can;
I am resolv'd, I will be off;—
You've us'd me bad—it is too tough!"
"O no! O no! O no! said she;
Do stay and take a cup of tea;
You're going out to face the storm;
A cup of tea will make you warm!"
She now put on so sweet a smile,
And looked so clever all the while;
The old man lower'd in his tone;—
"Good woman, do let me alone!
You are a strange young thing, said he;
Pray tell me what you want with me?
You overcome me by your chat;
You first talk this way, and then that!"
"O no, said she,—we cannot part;
The very thought would break my heart;"
Herself then in his arms she threw,—
"Treat one so bad, that so loves you?"
She laid her arms around his neck,
And gave him kisses by the peck!
It melted the old man's hard heart down,
And next day both rode off to town!
She washes now the old man's feet;
And all about the house looks neat;
The old man cheerfully retires,
And smiles array his morning fires.
Their quarrel is long since forgot;
And happy is the old man's lot;
And when, some years ago, he died,
She got his farms and all beside.

14 DAY USE

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